



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

EducT

759

08. 910

THE
RATIONAL METHOD
IN
READING

BY
EDWARD G. WARD



SECOND READER

PART I.

SIGHT AND PHONETIC READING.

PART II.

SIGHT AND PHONETIC READING.

SILVER BURDETT & COMPANY

Educ T 759.08.910

**Harvard College
Library**



By Exchange



3 2044 097 081 400







PICTURE FOR A STORY.

THE RATIONAL METHOD IN READING

AN ORIGINAL PRESENTATION OF SIGHT AND SOUND WORK
THAT LEADS RAPIDLY TO INDEPENDENT AND
INTELLIGENT READING

EDWARD G. MAYER
SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION, BROOKLYN, N.Y.

ASSISTED IN THE PREPARATION OF THE LESSONS BY
MRS. ELLEN E. KENTON WARNER

Second Reader

(THIRD HALF-YEAR'S WORK)

- PART I. SIGHT AND PHONETIC READING, ADVANCE WORK
PART II. SIGHT AND PHONETIC READING, THE REMAINING PHONOGRAMS
READING WITH ALL THE PHONOGRAMS

SILVER, BURDETT & COMPANY

NEW YORK BOSTON CHICAGO

THE RATIONAL METHOD IN READING

PRIMER

Material : Conversations.

First
Year

PART I.—Reading by the Word Method.

PART II.—Sight and Phonetic Reading Combined.

FIRST READER

Material : Conversations and Stories.

PART I.—Sight and Phonetic Reading. Largely review Exercises.

PART II.—Sight and Phonetic Reading. Advance Work.

SECOND READER

Material : Stories and Poetry. Literary and Ethical.

Second
Year

PART I.—Sight and Phonetic Reading. Advance Work.

PART II.—Sight and Phonetic Reading. The Remaining Phonograms.

THIRD READER

Material : Stories, Poetry, etc., from History, Folk Lore, and Standard Fiction. Literary and Ethical.

Sight and Phonetic Reading. Diacritical Marks omitted from the easier and more familiar Phonetic Words.

FOURTH READER

Material : Stories, Poetry, etc., from History, Folk Lore, and Fiction.

Diacritical Marks omitted from the Text.

FIFTH READER

Material : Literary, Ethical, Historical, and Mythological.

MANUAL OF INSTRUCTION FOR TEACHERS

PHONETIC CARDS—

FIRST SET. To Accompany the Primer.

SECOND SET. To Accompany the First Reader.

THIRD SET. To Accompany the Second Reader.

PUBLISHERS' NOTE

THE special purpose of the Primer and the first two Readers in this series is to put the child, within a year and a half from his entrance into school, into possession of a complete *key* to English Reading; so that, should his schooling then cease, his ability to read would nevertheless "grow with his growth and strengthen with his strength."

The method here introduced is a combination of the word (or sentence) method and the phonetic method. It differs in many essential respects from any before presented, the differences being based upon principles not hitherto clearly understood, or, at any rate, not properly recognized.

The books provide material for part of the work, and indicate, therefore, but part of the method. The rest, both work and method, must be sought in the *Manual*, without a careful perusal of which *no one should attempt to use the books*. The study of the *Manual*, though so important a matter, will not be found difficult, since the directions are comparatively few, are logically grouped, and are clearly and simply expressed.

Those who would have success in the use of the books should follow these directions implicitly during the first year. They will then know the method and understand the underlying principles well enough to be safe in making such deviations from the beaten track as may seem to them wise.

The *method* embodied in the series is an outgrowth of the author's study, observation, and experimentation in the public schools of Brooklyn, of which he was for many years the honored Superintendent.

In presenting this edition printed from new plates and embellished with new illustrations, the publishers wish to make grateful acknowledgment of the phenomenal favor that has been accorded to the *Rational Method in Reading* by the teachers and educators of the country. So many editions have been called for that the original plates have become worn; and the publishers, in renewing the plates, have taken advantage of the opportunity to make a few textual changes and improvements.

For the convenience of teachers, the variations in this text as compared with the edition first published have been tabulated, and appear on pages 143 and 144 of this edition.

JUNE, 1908.

TO THE TEACHER

It will be useless to put children into this book unless

1. They *know* all the sight-words and phonograms presented in the Primer and the First Reader, — and

2. Are skillful enough in “the blend” to determine readily any word made up of not more than three or four of said phonograms.

If, therefore, your pupils have been imperfectly prepared for this book in the grades below yours, — or if, having been well prepared, they have had a long vacation just before entering your grade, — your first care must be to review and perfect the work of the lower grades, *whatever time it may require* to do so.

If your pupils have not been prepared at all, i.e., have not been taught by the Rational Method, you must, of course, prepare them *ab initio*. No matter what their grade or their acquirements may be, the best of all ways to do this is to put them through the Primer and the First Reader in strict accordance with the directions given in the Manual for the *first* and *second* half-years’ work; except that, instead of beginning with the blackboard and learning a certain stock of words in advance, they should begin with the book itself, and learn the new words as they become necessary.

At the beginning of a term, though the scholars from the grade below come to you well prepared, you will probably receive a number of *new scholars* who know nothing of this method. Meet the difficulty involved in this circumstance, thus:

During the first month of the term, teach the new scholars, by means of special drills, all the words and phonograms found in the following lists. Let them also, of course, participate in the regular reading of the class, but do not expect their reading during this month to be good. From the beginning of the second month, the class should be able to work as a unit.

VOCABULARY OF THE PRIMER AND FIRST READER

Words

a, again, ail, all, am, an, and, any, apple, are, arm, as, at, ate, — be, been, bird, boy, bread, bush, business, busy, but, by, — can, come, corn, could, cow, — day, did, do, does, dog, don’t, down, drink, — each, eat, egg, eight, end, ever, — for, found, Frank,

from, fruit, full, — garden, get, girl, give, go, goes, good, grass, — had, hand, has, have, he, heard, her, here, him, his, home, horse, how, — I, ice, if, ill, in, is, it, — Jack, — kind, — less, let, like, look, — make, me, milk, mosquito, Mr., much, — new, no, not, now, — of, old, on, once, one, other, our, out, over, — picture, play, pretty, put, — rabbit, — said, saw, says, see, seed, sell, sew, shall, she, some, stay, such, — take, tell, than, Thanksgiving, that, the, them, then, there, they, thing, think, this, to, too, turkey, — up, us, — want, was, watch, water, way, we, well, were, wet, what, when, where, which, who, will, wind, wing, with, work, would, — yard, yes, you.

Phonograms

ā, ă, ã, a, — b, bl, br, — e, ç, ch, ck, cl, cr, — d, ð, dr, — ē, ě, e, ed, er, ers, est, ew, — f, ful, — ġ, ĝ, gl, gr, — h, — i, ĭ, i, ic, ick, ight, ights, im, ing, ings, ip, is, ish, — j, — k, — l, less, ly, — m, — n, ness, ñ, — ò, ô, ô, o, q, o, ou, ow, — p, pl, pr, — r, — s, ş, sh, — t, th, th, tr, — ŭ, ũ, ũ, u, un, — v, — w, wh, — ỹ, ỹ.

(These phonograms should be taught or reviewed in the order in which they are presented in the *Manual* and not in the alphabetical or reference order in which they are given above.)

In using this book, never have your scholars read a lesson until you have specially prepared them for it in accordance with the following directions:

1. Copy on the blackboard, with their marks, all the phonetic words of the lesson that contain more than three phonograms each, and about a dozen of the shorter phonetic words. 2. Have these words read by the scholars a number of times. Your experience will soon teach you how much repetition is necessary. 3. As a rule, give the harder words to the bright scholars, and the easier ones to the dull scholars. If you would not have the dull remain dull, give them plenty of easy work to do.

This exercise will constitute at once a preparation for the lesson, and the “blend drill” for the day.

A day or two before reaching a lesson that introduces a *new* phonogram, teach the said new phonogram, and give your scholars drill in its use by having them read from the blackboard a number of words taken from the *Manual* list over which said phonogram appears. Do not teach any new phonogram more than a day or two in advance of the lesson over which it is first presented.

Finally, — Do not attempt the use of this or any other book of this series until you have thoroughly digested the instructions given in the *Manual*, pp. 5-15.



THE DOLLS' BATH

G. Iglar.

SECOND READER

PART I

LESSON I

Busy Bärnøŷ

ä

Make be lĕvø your work is play
And strĭvø with all your mĭght;
Then wearĭ ness will flŷ a way,
And work be come dĕlight.

1. Bärnøŷ was a little Īrĭsh boy. He had a stĕp-fāther who was vĕrŷ kind to him.
2. Bärnøŷ's stĕp fāther workød hārd for a lĭv ing. Gŷess what his business was.

3. Was he a bärber ôr a eärman? Was he a chäreôal man ôr a här ness māk er? Did he kēep a lāundrŷ ôr a märkēt?

4. No, he was a eärpēt clēan er. He callēd Bärnēŷ his pärtner. That was be cause Bärnēŷ hēlpēd him so much. It mādē Bärnēŷ vērŷ prōud.



5. They tōok the eärpēts out on the rīver, in a bārgē. There they brūshēd and beāt them well. The work was too dustŷ to do at home.

6. When a eär go of eärpēts was well clēanēd, they would hurrā lōud ly. Bärnēŷ's mōther cōuld hear the

heärtŷ cheērs from the shōrē. They livēd not fār from the water. A little fōot pāth led from the land ing to the house.

7. Bärnēŷ's mother would lisēn and sāŷ, "Hārķ! It's fivē ō'clōck now! They've finishēd to-day's work. I must be getting the supper rēādŷ.

8. "I'll give them a finē corn stārch pūdding to-night. They shall not stārvē for want of a little good eōok ing. I must make some rhubārb tārts, too. I'll give them a fēast for once.

9. "There's the lād wāv ing to me now. He's wāv ing his seār let seārf. I'd know it a milē ōff."

10. Bärnēŷ and his stēp fāther would bring the eārpēts a shōrē. They tōok them to the ōwn ers in a eārt.

11. They would reach home at a bout sēvēn ō'clōck. Bärnēŷ's mother would kiss them bōth and give them a good supper.

12. When supper was over, Bärnēŷ would play mārblēs with the boys. When it grēw too dārk to play, he would go in. He would take his bōok and rēad a whilē. Then he would go to Miss Lilŷ Whitē's pārtŷ.

13. Do you know what that mēans? It mēans go ing to bed. Do you like that kind of pārtŷ?

LESSON II

Little Thrē-Nāmes

Elizabeth

1. Elizabeth, Bětseŷ, and Běss

Wēnt wālk ing in finē sunnŷ wēath er,
And saw on a trē in the lānē,
Tŷō apples rīpē, hāng ing to gēth er.

2. Elizabeth, Bětseŷ, and Běss,

Each pickēd a red apple and ate it.
But still there was one apple lēft.
If the rēāson you know, plēasē to statē it.

3. Elizabeth was a little girl. Her fāther callēd her Bětseŷ. Her brother callēd her Běss.

4. Now can you tell a bout the apples?

5. How manŷ girls were there? How manŷ apples were eatēn?

6. Do you know any little girl who has thrē nāmēs?

LESSON III

Maude's Party

a

1. "Let's have a party this rainy March afternoon," said Maude Leigh.

2. "A party, a party!" shouted all the other children. "What shall we begin with?"

3. "We will dress Sadié up to be grandma and have storytelling."

4. So they put a long dress on poor Sadié. They fastened a shawl over her shoulders. Of course she had to have on a cap and glasses.



5. When she was all ready they seated her on the sōfā. Then they gathered around her and called her grandmā. They teased grandmā for a stōry, as childrēn always do.

6. "Well," said grandmā, "here's one that's soon told : —

"Threē wisē mēn of Go tham
Wēnt to sēā in a bōwl.
If the bōwl had been strōnger,
My stōry had been lōnger."

7. "I supposē the bōwl brōkē," said Ruth.

8. "And the threē wisē mēn were drownēd," said Paul.

9. "No nēed to tell that," said Edith.

10. "And that's what makes the stōry so shōrt," said Jāmēs.

11. "I don't think they were věry wisē mēn," said Māry.

12. "What shall we play now?" askēd Frank.

13. "Let Jěnný sing us a sōng," said Maýdē. "I'll play the přănō for her."

14. So Jěnný sāng : —

“ High on the branch of a chestnut tree,
Lived a mother bird and her bird lings three.”

15. The singing was vĕřý sweet, and the childrĕn wanted more of it. But by this tĭmĕ Mařdĕ had another idĕã.

16. “ Let us have a rĭddlĕ,” she said. “ Ćōrã, you give us one.”

17. “ Well,” said Ćōrã, “ here is a vĕřý old one:—

“ As I was go ing to Sãĭnt Īvĕs,
I mĕt nĭnĕ wĭvĕs.
How many were go ing to
Sãĭnt Īvĕs? ”

18. “ Oh, I can answer that one!” criĕd Elizabeth.
“ My mother rĕãd it to me out of a bōōk.”

19. “ Well, don’t tell,” said Mařdĕ. “ Let the others gĭĕss.”

20. Jack gĭĕssĕd tĕn. “ Nĭnĕ and one are tĕn,” said he.

21. But Ćōrã shōōk her hĕãd. So did Elizabeth.

22. “ Do you all give it up? ” ãskĕd Ćōrã at last.



23. They all said, "Yes," for they could not guess the answer. Then Ćōrā told them.

24. "Only one was going to Sānt Īvęs," said she. "That was I. The nīnę were coming *from* Sānt Īvęs. That is how I cāme to meet them."

25. The childrēn thought the riddle a vęry good one.

26. After that Mądde played a pōlká, and all the childrēn dāncęd.

27. Then they pāsęd a round a bāskęt of fruit. That was the lāst thing on the prōgram.

LESSON IV

Blanché and her Äynt

är	ëar	ër	ir	ör	ür
----	-----	----	----	----	----

1. There once livēd in Frāncē a little girl nāmēd Blanché. Her äynt was an ärtist. She pāynt ed land-scāpēs for a mērchānt who sold such things. She workēd ëarly and late to ëarn a liv ing.

2. Blanché was her little houš kēōp er. Her äynt said she was a pērfēet little pearl. Blanché said, with a pōlitē Frēnch bōw, "I am your sērvānt."



3. "Yes, you are my little stir-a bout," said her äynt. "You are wörth more than a pēarl. I wouldn't sell you for a diamond. You know jewēlers chärge high prīçes for diamonds. You are a diamond of the fīrst water."

4. "I suppōse that meāns the best kind of diamond," said Blānchē. "But I'd rather be some thing a livē."

5. "Well, then, you are my ēarnest little woman-of-all-work. You are my nūrsē in sick ness, and my coøk and houssē kēep er. You are my clērks too, for you kēep all my āccounts."

6. "And you are all the wörld to me," said Blānchē. "I have nēithēr mammā nōr papā. What shōuld I do with out you?"

7. "You därn all my stöck ings," her äynt wēnt on. "You mādē me that pretty pūrplē pinēushīōn. You knit this pūrsē for me. You wīnd up my cuckoo clöck every night. You tīē up all my pärçels. You shārpēn my crāyons. You kēep the look ing-glāss bright ly pōlishēd. You never lāy the tāblē clöth croøk ed."

8. "Your tāsks never seem a būrdēn to you. You are up with the lärk. You go bright ly a bout your work. You dēsērvē all that I do for you."

9. "Do you think I could learn to draw and paint?" said Blanché.

10. "You might try," replied her aunt. "I'll teach you if you like. We'll be gin on your birth day. Let me see — that will be the third Thurs day in March."

11. "Oh, good!" cried Blanché, and her eyes sparkled with glad ness. "That will not be long to wait. Some day I may take a turn at your work. Then you can take a turn at mine, if you like."

12. "That will be a change for both of us," said aunt. "And change of work is play, you know."

13. "I hope I shall not be a slow scholar," said Blanché. "If I succeed, we can work to gether. We shall be the happiest couple on earth then."

14. "Well, don't furnish your house be fore it's built," said aunt, smiling. "You remind me of the foolish woman in the story. She counted her chickens be fore they were hatched."

15. "Yes," said Blanché, "I know; and then she let her basket fall. Of course all the eggs were broken. Then there was no chance for any chickens."

16. But Blanché learned to draw and paint very well. In time, she be came as fine an artist as her aunt.

LESSON V

I Like Little Pussŷ

1. I like little Pussŷ,
Her eōat is so wārm,
And if I don't hūrt her
She'll do me no hārm.
So I'll not pull her tail,
Nōr drīv her a way.
But Pussŷ and I
Vēry gēntly will play.
2. She shall sit by my sīd,
And I'll give her some foōd;
And she'll like me be caūs
I am gēntle and good.
I'll pat little Pussŷ,
And then she will pūrr,
And thus shōw her thānks
For my kind ness to her.
3. I'll not pinch her ēars,
Nōr trēad on her paw,

Lest I should provoke her
To use her sharp claw;
I never will cross her,
Not make her displeased,
For Pussy don't like
To be worried or teased.

— Jane Taylor.

LESSON VI

How the World Came to an End

1. It rained hard, and Chicken Little ran under a rose bush. She stayed there until the rain was over. She was a bout to come out when some thing dreadful happened.

2. The leaves were still heavy with water. A great drop rolled from one of them. It fell on Chicken Little's tail.

3. Chicken Little ran to her mother. This is what she said, "Oh, Hen Pen, the world has come to an end!"

4. "How do you know, Chicken Little?" said Hen Pen. And what do you think Chicken Little answered?

5. "I saw it with my eyes. I heard it with my ears. And a piece of it fell on my tail."

6. Hën Pën could not help be leaving her child. She ran to Dück Lück. "Oh, Dück Lück," she cried, "the world has come to an end!"

7. "How do you know, Hën Pën?" said Dück Lück.

8. "Chicken Little told me," said Hën Pën.

9. "How do you know, Chicken Little?"

10. "I saw it with my eyes. I heard it with my ears. And a piece of it fell on my tail."

11. Then Dück Lück be leaved it and ran to Goose Loose.

12. "Oh, Goose Loose, the world's come to an end!"

13. "How do you know, Dück Lück?"

14. "Hën Pën told me."

15. "How do you know, Hën Pën?"

16. "Chicken Little told me."

17. "How do you know, Chicken Little?"

18. "I saw it with my eyes. I heard it with my ears. And a piece of it fell on my tail."

19. "Oh! oh! oh!" said Goose Loose. "I must go tell Turkey Lurkey."

20. But just then the sun came out. They all fell to eat ing. They for got that the world had come to an end.

LESSON VII

A Reading Test

1. "Come, Ēdīth," said Elizabeth, "let us play school. I will be the teacher, and you shall be my best sch~~ool~~l~~ar~~. I will test you on what you have read. Who was Wee Winnīe?"

2. "A dēar little girl," rēplīed Ēdīth. "She could not talk much, but she could spēak to her puppŷ. Yes, and to her kīd, too. They were her pēts."

3. "Věry well answēred. Who was Dōttŷ Dim plē?"

4. "An other little girl. Dick Duntōn pickēd her a dāŷŷ. It soōn wīlted and dīed. Then

"On the little dāŷŷ dēar
Dōttŷ Dim plē drōppēd a tēar."

5. "Věry good; věry good in dēed! Now just one thing mōrē. Tell me what a drāgōn-flŷ is."

6. "It is a lārgē in sēet. It eats mosquitoes, but does no harm to chīldrēn. Some chīldrēn fēar drāgōn-flīes. They are věry foōlish. Some drāgōn-flīes fēar chīldrēn."

7. "You are a věřy bright girl. You have an swered nice ly. Let me pin this medal on your dress. You may kēp it a wek."



LESSON VIII

The Friendly Bee

o

1. "Busy bee, busy bee,
Where is your home?"
"In truth, little maiden,
I live in a comb."

2. Ěthěl Härt was the "little maiden." She was in her fäther's ôrchard.

3. It was Môn day äfternoon. Her lessôns were all dône. She was play ing with her brother Ärthûr.

4. A bee wênt hûmming by. Ärthûr stärted to run, but Ěthěl thôught she would talk to it. She was sûrprised at the bee's rěady an swer.

5. Ärthûr heard nôthing but hûmming. That must have been be cause he was a fräid.

6. Ēthēl was not distūrbēd by the bee. She did not wōrry lest it shōuld hūrt her. That was how she cāme to hear the rhyme.

7. "You are a wōnder ful bee," she said. "You talk as well as I can with my tōngue. Wh̄y do you fl̄y so hēavily?"

8. "I am lādēn with hōnēy," rēplīēd the bee. "I have been abōut amōng the flowers in the pārk all day. This is my busy mōnth. We bees make all our hōnēy in sūmm̄er. There is nōth-ing to make it of in wint̄er."

9. "No," said Ēthēl, "the flowers don't flōūrish out-sīdē then. We take some of them in to the hōusē. They make our sitt̄ing rōōm lovēly. There is a lārgē hōnēy sūcklē in frōnt of our dōōr. Did you discōver it? It has a lovēly eōl ōr and a dē light ful ōdōr."

10. "Yes, in dēēd," hūmmēd the bee. "The vīnē is



a vĕřý pretty one. It is a cômfort to have it so nĕar home. I like the vīnø that còvers the dòvø cõtø, too. There is nònø fīn er."

11. "Yes, and the hūmming birds like it," said Ěthĕl. "I saw puss trying to eatch one there this mōrn ing. But the bird wòn the day. Puss had to look further for her break fast."

12. "Well, I must leavø you," said the beø. "You are the first little girl I ever stopped to talk to. I like you, but my work must be donø."

13. The beø went on his home ward way. He never spokø a word to Ěthĕl again.



LESSON IX

Which Loved Mother Best?

1. "I lovø you, mother," said little John,
Then for get ting his work, his eap went on,
And he was øff to the garden swing,
Leav ing his mother the woðd to bring.
2. "I lovø you, mother," said rosý Nell,
"I lovø you better than tongue can tell."

Then she tēased and pouted hālf the day,
Till all were glād when she wēnt to play.

3. "I lovē you, mother," said little Fan,
"To-day I will hēlp you all I can.
How glād I am that schōol does not kēēp!"
And she rōckēd the bābē till it fēll a slēēp.
4. Then, stēpping sōft ly, she brought the broom,
And swēpt the floōr and tidēd the room;
Busy and hāppŷ all day was she,
Hēlp ful and hāppŷ as chīld could be.
5. "I lovē you, mother," again they said,
Thrēē little chīldrēn all go ing to bed.
How do you think that mother guēssēd
Which of them rēal ly lovēd her best?



— Joy Āllisōn.

LESSON X

Victōr and the Sēā Gūll

oi	oy
----	----

Mrs.

1. "Hārk! what is that noisē?" askēd Mrs. Mājōrŷ,
one warm after noon.

2. "Don't let it annoy you, mammä," said her daughter Hannäh. "It is only Victör. You know what a voice he has. He is rejoicing over the safe arrival of his good ship Sēa Gūll."



3. "He is very boisterous," said the mother. "He enjoys nothing so much as a noise. So he has been sailing his toy ship, has he? He must have been down to Birch Point. I hope he has not torn his new jack et"

4. Just then Victor rushed in, shouting, "Hurra! hurra! the Sēa Gull's arrived. None of her people are drowned. They have all come ashore well and happy. The ship sailed from France only seven days ago. She brought a heavy cargo."

5. "That was a short voyage," said Mrs. Majory, smiling. "But you are very noisy, my son. You should keep noisy play out of doors."

6. "Have I made your head ache, mamma?" asked Victor. "If I have, I am very sorry."

7. "No, not this time," replied his mother. "But now find a harbor for your ship and anchor her. I have some errands for you to do."

8. "I'm just the person to do errands," said Victor. "I never get nervous and forget what I am sent for. I don't loiter on the way. I don't buy oil for vinegar."

9. "What shall I get? Some turnips, some oysters, and a joint of mutton?"

10. "You had better stop praising yourself," said his mother. "Then perhaps we shall find out what you can do."

11. "All right!" said Victor. "Wait till I furl the Sēa Gull's sails and put her away. She went through

an aw̄ful stōrm, but it could not dēstroy her. Her sails are not ēven moistēnēd by the rāin.

12. "Now I'm rēādȳ, mammā," Victōr wēnt on, a mōmēt lāter. "The Sēa Gūll is sāfely ānchōrēd in my toy chest. Do you want a lēg of mūtton to boil? Ōr shall I get a beefstēak to broil? May I rīdē my bīcȳclē to the stōrē?"

13. "No, my sōn, I'm afrāīd you'll have to go a fōōt. I dislike to spoil your fun, but ěrrandȳ are work. You could not cārrȳ a bāskēt and rīdē your wheel.

14. "Go to the fāncȳ goods stōrē first. Get me an ounce of wōrsted to mātch this sample. Then go to the butcher's. Ask him to send up the sirloin stēak I ōrdērēd this mōrn ing. Get a bōnē for your dog, Hēē tōr, too."

15. Victōr whisflēd to Hēē tōr, and they were off.

16. They wēnt to the fāncȳ goods stōrē for the wōrsted. The sample was ēāsily mātchēd.

17. Then they wēnt to the butcher's. Here, Victōr bōught the bōnē for his dog. It was a mūtton bōnē. He āskēd the butcher to send the stēak, too.

18. Hannāh had not finishēd sēttīng the tāblē when they rētūrnēd. Hēētōr had his bōnē in his mouth. He lookēd as proud as if he had been mārket ing all ālōnē.

LESSON XI

A Dialogue

(For two small boys.)

1. Guess what I have in my pocket.

2. I can't guess. Tell me, won't you?

3. No, you'll have to guess.

4. Who gave it to you?

5. No one gave it to me.

6. Where did you buy it?

7. I didn't buy it.

8. Where did you get it?

9. I found it.

10. Is it a marble?

11. No. Guess again.

12. What color is it?

13. No color at all.

14. You're teasing me.

15. No, in deed, I'm not.

16. Is it hard or soft?

17. It is n't either.

18. Is it good to eat?

19. Not a bit of it.

20. What is it good for?

21. It is n't good for anything.

22. I don't believe you have anything.

23. Yes, I have, too.

24. Will you give me half if I guess it?

25. I can't get it out of my pocket.

26. I can't guess it.

27. Do you give it up?

28. Yes. What is it?

29. It's a hole.

LESSON XII

The Clück ing Hën

1. "Will you not take a walk with me,
My little wife, to-day?
There's bärleŷ in the bärleŷ-field,
And häy-seed in the häy."
2. "Oh, thank you!" said the clück ing hën,
"I've some thing else to do;
I'm busy sitting on my eggs;
I can not walk with you."
3. "Clück-clück, clück-clück, clück-clück, clück-
clück,"
Said the busy, clück ing hën;
"My little chicks will soon be haŷched;
I'll think a bout it then."
4. The clück ing hën sat on her nest;
She made it in the häy;
And warm and snüg be neath her breäst,
A dözen white eggs läy.

5. Crăck, crăck! crăck, crăck! wēnt all the eggs;
 Out cāmē the chickēns small.
 “Clūck-clūck, clūck-clūck,” said the clūck ing hēn;
 “I see I have you all.

6. “Come, come a lōng, my little chicks.
 I’ll take a wālk with you.”
 “Hōllō! Hōllō!” said the bārṇ-dōṛ eōck,
 “Hō! Cōck-a-dōōdle-do!”
 — Äynt Effie’s Rhymes.

LESSON XIII

The Wind and the Sun

ū	ēw	ure
---	----	-----

1. It was a wārm Tūēs day in Jūly. The Wind and the Sun fēll in to a disputē.

2. “See that silly man,” criēd the Wind. “He has his eōat buttonēd as if it were winter. Whȳ don’t you make him take it off?”

3. “Whȳ don’t you?” said the Sun.

4. “I will, if it will a mūse you,” said the Wind.



5. "I don't think you can," said the Sun. "But let me see you tr̄y."

6. So the Wind rūshēd down the āvenūē and gāvē the man a fjērce salūtē. The beāūtīful ēlm trēēs bēnt



be fōrē it. A fēw of them lōst a brānch or twō. But the man ōnly walkēd on fāst er.

7. The Wind blēw mōrē fūrīōusly than ever. It mādē wild mūsīc arōund the chūrch stēēplē. It blēw a eūpolā from the Jūdgē's hōusē.

8. A hūge tūlip trēē stood fīrm against the blāst. The man took shēlter behīnd its trūnk. He buttōned his cōat tīght er a bout him. He stood clōse to the trēē to avōid the wind.

9. "A wīnter sūit is ūse ful this wēath er," said he. "I must put my glōvēs on."

10. At this the Wind gāve up trī ng and with drew in a rāge.

11. "Stūpīd fēllōw!" he criēd. "He is as stūbbōrn as a mūlē. He rēfūsēs to do as I bīd him. One would think his clōthēs were glūēd on."

12. "It is bētter to ēmploy gēntlē mēans," said the Sun. "Hārsh ones sēldōm wīn. Let me shōw you how to get the cōat ōff."

13. Then he pōūred down his rāys up on fīeld and pāsture. They warmēd the chīllēd ēarth and mādē it fēel like sūmmer again.

14. The flow ers smīlēd up at the Sun in joy. The skī becāmē blūē with dēlight.

15. "Dēār me!" criēd the man. "It's as hōt as an ōvēn again."

16. Ōff cāmē his cōat, his glōvēs, his vest, and ēvēn his cōllār.

LESSON XIV

Little Kittie

1. Once there was a little kittie,
 White as the snow.
In a bärn she used to frölic,
 Löng, löng ago.
2. In that bärn a little mousie
 Ran to and frō,
When she heard the kittie coming,
 Löng, löng ago.
3. Twō black eyes had little kittie,
 Black as a crōw,
And they spied the little mousie,
 Löng, löng ago.
4. Fōur sōft paws had little kittie,
 Paws sōft as dough,
But they caught the little mousie,
 Löng, löng ago.
5. Nīne white teeth had little kittie,
 All in a rōw,



And they bit the little mouſe,
Lǒng, lǒng a go.

6. When the teeth bit little mouſe,
Mouſe cried "Oh!"
But she gōt a way from kittie,
Lǒng, lǒng a go.

— Little People's Speaker.

LESSON XV

The Little Red Hēn

1. A little red hēn found a grain of wheat, and she said, "Who will plant this wheat?"
2. The rat said, "I wōn't"; the cat said, "I wōn't"; and the pig said, "I wōn't."
3. "I will, then," said the little red hēn, and she did.
4. When the wheat was ripe, she said, "Who will take this wheat to the mill, to be ground in to flour?"
5. The rat said, "I wōn't"; the cat said, "I wōn't"; and the pig said, "I wōn't."
6. The little red hēn said, "I will, then," and she did.



7. When she cāmē back with the flour, she said, "Who will make this flour in to bread?"

8. The rat said, "I wōn't"; the eat said, "I wōn't"; and the pīg said, "I wōn't."

9. The little red hēn said, "I will, then," and she did.

10. When the bread was dōnē, the little red hēn said, "Who will eat this bread?"

11. The rat said, "I will"; the eat said, "I will"; and the pīg said, "I will."

12. The little red hēn said, "No, you wōn't, for I am going to do it my sēlf," and she did.



LESSON XVI

The Thrē Bēars

âr	âir	êir	êar
----	-----	-----	-----

size

1. Little Silver-Hâir wēnt for a wālk one finē Jūnē day. The âir was wārm and the dēw was all gōnē. She strōllēd in to the wōōds.

2. She felt vĕrĕ hăppĕ. You could tell that by the eŭrĭous little tŭnø she săng.

3. She plŭcked the pretty hăre bĕlls un til she saw a rĕal livø hăre.

4. "Oh! hăres are seărcø," said she. "I'll give this fĭnø fĕlløw a seăre."

5. She ran after him, but she could not cătch him. Silver-Hăir did not eăre.

6. She now found her sĕlf in the dĕep, dĕep wødds. A eŭrĭous little housø stød be fōrø her. She knøcked at the dōr. No bødĕ cāmø. Then she wĕnt in. There was no one at home.

7. "This must be the dĭning røom," she said. "Brĕakfast is rĕadĕ and the pørrĭdĕ is eooling. I'll hĕlp my sĕlf."

8. Thrĕe bōwls of pørrĭdĕ stød on the tă blø.

9. Fĭrst there was a grĕat hŭge bōwl of pørrĭdĕ. Silver-Hăir tăsted that, but it was too hōt.

10. Then there was a mĭddle-sĭzed bōwl of pørrĭdĕ. She tăsted that, but it was too eold.

11. Then there was a little, smăll, wĕs bōwl of pørĭdĕ. She tăsted that, and it was jŭst rĭght. So she ate it all up.

12. When she had finished, she looked about her. She saw three chairs.

13. One was a great huge chair. She sat up on that, but it was too hard.

14. An other was a middle-sized chair. She sat up on that, but it was too soft.

15. The third was a little, small, wee chair. She sat up on that and found it just right. So she sat and sat until she broke the bottom out.

16. Then she went up-stairs, where she found three beds.

17. One was a great huge bed. She lay up on that, but it was too high.

18. Another was a middle-sized bed. She lay up on that, but it was too low.

19. The third was a little, small, wee bed. She lay up on that, and it was just right. So she lay there until she fell fast asleep.

20. While she was asleep, all the family came home. They had been out to walk while their porridge cooled. They were a family of bears.

21. One was a Great Huge Bear. Another was a Middle-sized Bear. These were the parents. The third,

thêir ònly chîld, was a Little, Small, Weø Bêar. Wher-
ever they wênt they tøk him with them.

22. "Some one has been tåsting my pørrîdgø,"
shouted the Grêat Hūgø Bêar in his grêat, hūgø
voicø.

23. "And some one has been tåsting my pørrîdgø,"
said the Middlø-sized Bêar in her middlø-sized voicø.

24. "And some one has eaten my pørrîdgø all up,"
cried the Little, Small, Weø Bêar in his little, small,
weø voicø.

25. Then they lookēd a bout for thêir châirs.

26. "Some one has been sitting in my châir,"
shouted the Grêat Hūgø Bêar in his grêat hūgø voicø.

27. "And some one has been sitting in mīnø," said
the Middlø-sized Bêar in her middlø-sized voicø.

28. "Some one has brøkēn the bōttøm out of my
châir," cried the Little, Small, Weø Bêar in his little,
small, weø voicø.

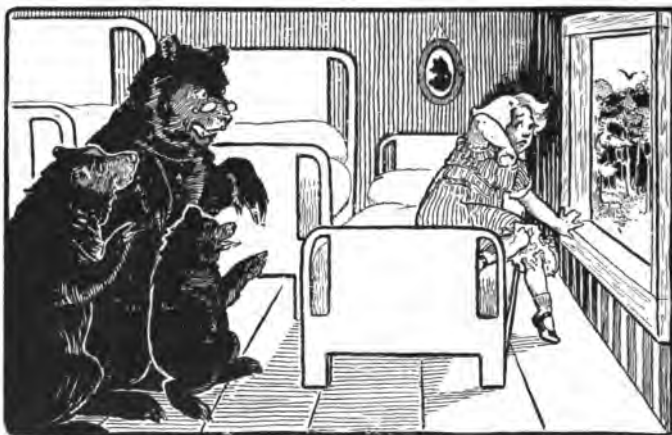
29. Then they wênt up-stâirs.

30. "Some one has lāin in my bed," shouted the
Grêat Hūgø Bêar in his grêat hūgø voicø.

31. "And some one has lāin in my bed," said the
Middlø-sized Bêar in her middlø-sized voicø.



32. "Some one is l̄y ing f̄ast a sl̄ēēp in my bēd," c̄ried the Little, Sm̄all, Weē Bēar in his little, sm̄all, weē voicē.



33. At that, Little Silv̄er-H̄air a wōkē. At f̄irst she did not rēmēmb̄er wh̄ere she was. Then she be~~gan~~ to look a r̄ound.

When she saw the thrēē bēars, she sat up in bēd. She st̄arēd at them, and they at her.

34. "This is no pl̄acē for me," thōught she.

35. So she jum̄pēd r̄ight thr̄ough the windōw and ran off. The bēars were so āst̄onishēd that they just stōōd and lookēd. So Silv̄er-H̄air gōt home s̄āfē.

LESSON XVII

Frogs at School

1. Twěntŷ frōggīēs wěnt to sehōol
Down besīdē a rūshŷ pool;
Twěntŷ little eōats of grēēn,
Twěntŷ vests all whītē and clēān.
2. "We must be in tīmē," said they;
"First we stūdy, then we play;
That is how wē kēep the rulē
When we frōggīēs go to sehōol."
3. Master Bull frōg, grāvē and stērn,
Called the classēs in their tūrn;
Taught them how to no blŷ strivē,
Like wisē how to leap and divē;
4. From his seat up on the lōg,
Showed them how to say "Ker-chōg!"
All so how to dodgē a blow
From the sticks that bad boys throw.



5. Twēntŷ frōggles grew up fast;
 Bull frōgs they be cāme at lāst;
 Not one duncē a mōng the lōt,
 Not one lessōn they for gōt;
6. Pōlishēd in a high dēgrē,
 As each frōggie ōught to be.
 Now they sit on other lōgs,
 Teach ing other little frōgs.

— Gēorge Cōp er.

LESSON XVIII

The Māre's Jōkē

laugh

1. Bēss is our old grāy mārē. Let me tell you of the trick she playēd once. I think it will make you laugh. I laughēd hēartily when I first hēard of it.

2. Mother was sick, and Mārŷ had to go for the dōetōr. She sādldēd old Bēss and rōdē her.

3. There were two rōads through the wōd. Mārŷ tōok the rōad to the right.

4. She reached the dōetōr's house in sāfety. She left wōrd for him to call. Then she start ed home.

5. On the way back, she took the other rōad. She stōpped about half-way through the wood. She saw some ripe bērries. She jūmped down from the horse's back and began to eat the bērries.

6. Bēss grew tired of wāiting. Soon she trōtted off tōward home. Mārŷ called her, but she would not mīnd. She kicked up her heels as if laugh ing at Mārŷ. Then she trōtted on. Mārŷ did not laugh. No, in dēd! A walk of five miles is no laugh ing matter.

7. When the mārē reached home alone, we were all frightened. We thought some thing dread ful had happened to Mārŷ.

8. Jōhn jumped in to the sāddle. "Which rōad did Mārŷ take?" he asked.

9. Mother told him the rōad to the right. He took that rōad and hurried to the dōetōr's house.

10. He found that Mārŷ had called and gone.

11. "She must have taken the other rōad home," he said. "I did not meet her on my way here."

12. So he took the other rōad, too. By and by he came to the bērries.

13. "She must have stoppēd here," said he. "She never could have passēd these nice bērrīes. Then, no doubt, the māre ran away from her." At this thought he laughēd. "She is all right, and by this tīme sāfē



at home. I will stop and have some bērrīes, too."

14. He jumpēd down and be-
gan to eat.

15. "Oh!" thought Bēss, "so you like bērrīes, too! Well, I don't cāre for them. I

think I'll go home."

16. So off she startēd. She would not come back when Jōhn callēd her. He callēd and callēd.

17. Then he ran aftēr her. But she ran fāst er than he could.

18. At lāst he reachēd home, all out of brēāth. Mārȳ was at the gate, laugh ing at him. Jōhn was crōss for a mōmēt. Then he laughēd, too, to think how stūpīd he had been.

LESSON XIX

Over in the Měādōw

1. Over in the mēādōw,
 Sitting in the sun,
 You'll find a mother tōad
 And her little tōadlē one.
2. "Jūmp!" says the mother.
 "We jūmp!" says the one;
 And they jūmp and are glād
 In the bright, shīn ing sun.
3. Over in the mēādōw,
 Where the brook runs through,
 You'll find a mother fish
 And her little fishēs twō.
4. "Swim!" says the mother.
 "We swim!" sāy the twō;
 And they swim and are glād,
 Thōugh thēir jōys are but fēw.

5. Over in the mēādōw,
In an old apple trēø,
You'll find a mother bird
And her little bird ȳs thrēø.
6. "Sing!" says the mother.
"We sing!" sāy the thrēø;
And they sing and are glād
In the old apple trēø.
7. Over in the mēādōw,
On the grass ȳ flōør,
You'll find a mother ēwø,
With her little lambkins fōyr.
8. "Skip!" says the mother.
"We skip!" sāy the fōyr;
And they skip and are glād
On the grēøn mēādōw flōør.

— Ōlvø A. Wadsworth.

LESSON XX

The Busy Bees

x	ex	ex
---	----	----



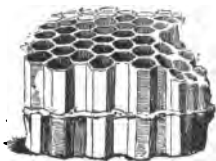
1. Farm er Hūxtōn ōwns many bees. He kēps the bees for the wāx and hōnēy they make.

The bees livē in a bee hīvē.

Did you ever see one?

2. The bee hīvē is a wōōden bōx. It stands on a stool undēr the pēār trēē. The bees go in and out thrōugh a hōlē.

3. They byild thēir hōnēy cōmb in sīdē. This is how it looks. We call the hōlēs çēlls. The wālls of thēsē çēlls are mādē of wāx. You may ex amīnē the picture.



Each çell, you see, is a hexagon. That is, it has six sides and six corners. The sides must be all of ex act ly the same length. Hexagons may be large or small. They are all a like in shape. Don't you think bees are fairly, to make these çells so perfect?

4. They fill the çells with honey. This is for their winter food. They make a great deal more than they need. Farmer Huxton takes all they have to spare and sells it.

5. Bees are much admired for their industry. They work as cheerfully as if work were play. They set an excellent ex ample for boys and girls.



LESSON XXI

Poor Brother Fox

1. It is not every one who works for a living. Brother Fox does not. He lives by thieving. Farmer Huxton raises chickens with a great deal of eare. Brother Fox helps him self to them when ever he can do so.

2. He feeds his children on stolen chicken, too. That

is a bād way to bring them up. They lēarn to think it thēir dūtŷ to stēal. No one ever ex plā/ŋs right and wrōng to them. We can not ex pēet them to be hōn est.

3. Stēaling is not a sāfē thing to do ē/ŧh er. Brōther Fōx will get in to trōūblē some day. Farm er Hūxtōn has not eaught him so fār, how- ever. He is vērŷ sōrēly vexēd a bout him.

4. Brōther Fōx is slŷ and kēēps out of all snāres. They sāŷ he is as shārp-ēŷēd as a lŷn~~x~~. Slŷ as he is, he will be eaught some day. Then he will find that stēaling is no laugh ing matter.



5. He has run ōff with six chickēns in tŷō wēeks.

I don't think he will get a seventh. Shall I tell you why?

6. Farm er Huxton has hung a hammock in the bärn. He is going to sleep there a while. The next time Brother Föx appears will be the last.

7. The öxen will hear a gun go off. Next morning they will see a deäd föx.

8. Shall we take the pickäx and dig Brother Föx a gräve? Shall we call the sexton and have a fine füneral?

9. Or shall we strip off Brother Föx's skin and stüff it? We might do so and send it to the müseüm.

10. Fârewell, Brother Föx!



LESSON XXII

Nell's Let ter

1. Dëär Grandmä, I will try to write

A vëry little let ter.

If I don't spell the wörds all right,

Why, next time I'll do bëtter.

2. I think I'll clōse my let ter now ;
I've nōthing more to tell.
Please an swē soon and come to see
Your lōv ing little Nēll.

3. "Well, that is a shōrt let ter!" criēd Grandmā,
laughing. "It is nēar ly as shōrt as the stōry of Jack
and Dōry."


4. "Who were Jack and Dōry, Grandmā?" said
Willē. Willē was Nēll's little ēdūsīn. He was play-
ing with his blōcks up on the floōr. He heard what
Grandmā said a bout Nēll's let ter.

5. "No one ever found out who they were," said
Grandmā.

6. "You said there was a stōry a bout them," said
Willē. "Tell it to me, Grandmā."

7. "That wōn't take lōng," said Grandmā. "It is
ōnly one of the Mōther Ġōōsē rhymes. Here it is in
your picture boōk. Come and point to the wōrds whilē
I rēad it."

8. Willē ōfferēd his little fat hand to Grandmā. She
told him to strāightēn out the in dex fingēr. She
pointēd with it to each wōrd, as she rēad: —



“ I’ll tell you a stōry
A bout Jack and Dōry;
And now my stōry’s be gun.
I’ll tell you an other
Of Jack and his brother;
And now my stōry is dōnē.”



LESSON XXIII

The New Mōon

1. Dēār mother, how pretty
The mōon looks to-night!
She was never so cunning be fōrē;
Her twō little hōrns
Are so shārp and so bright,
I hōpē she’ll not grōw any more.
2. If I were up there
With you and my friends,
I’d rōck in it nice ly, you’d see;
I’d sit in the mīddlē
And hold by bōth ends;
Oh, what a bright crādle ’twould be!

3. I would call to the stārs
To kēep out of the way,
Lest we shōuld rōck over thēir tōes;
And then I would rōck
Till the dāwn of the day,
And see where the pretty mōon gōes.

4. And there we would stay
In the beautiful skies,
And through the bright clouds we would rōam;
We would see the sun set,
And see the sun rise,
And on the next rāinbōw come home.

— Eliza Föllen.

LESSON XXIV

The Pied Piper

1. Do you like rat stōries, children? Well, here is
the mōst fāmōus one ever told.

2. Of cōurse you have heard of Hamelin! What!
no? — nōr of the Pied Piper? Well, then, listen, all.

3. Hamelin was a town full of busy people. It was

full of rats, too. There were more rats than pēople. The pēople did not know what to do, the rats annoyed them so. They tried one thing after an other.

4. At last they went to the Māyōr with thēir trōuble. But he could not hēlp them in the lēast.

5. Just then, the Piēd Piper cāme to town. He said he could charm the rats away. He offerēd to do so for a thousand gūilders. That was a grēat dēal of mōney. But the Māyōr prōmised him he shōuld have it.

6. Then he playēd up on his pīpē. You shōuld have heard him! It sounded like scrāping trīpē. It sounded like crūshing apples, to make cīder. It sounded like ōpēning pīcklē bārrels and jēlly jārs. It sounded like drawing eōrks. It sounded like brēak-
ing the hōops of but ter tūbs.

7. The rats lovē all thēsē sounds dēarly. They all ran out, expēcting a fēast. They fōllōwēd the Piēd Piper from strēet to strēet. You would have dōnē so yōur sēlvēs. Yes, you would, if you had been rats. No rat could stay at home that day.

8. But the Piēd Piper trickēd them bādly. He led them to the rīver and stōppēd there. They were run-
ning so fāst, they could not stōp. In to the water they

plunged and were drowned. So the town was freed from rats.

9. Then the Pied Piper claimed his money. But the Mayor would not give it to him. Then what do you think he did? Brought the rats back to life? Oh, no! He did something far worse than that.



10. He played up on his pipe again. This time he played sweet music. It was sweeter than any music ever heard before. It seemed to tell the children beautiful stories. It told them of a lovely land near by. It promised them they should go there.

11. They heard it wherever they were. They came running out of their homes. They laughed and shouted with glee. They followed the Pied Piper from street to street.

12. He led them to the mountain. When they reached it, a way opened before them. They passed through the opening with the Pied Piper. All followed him but one child, who was lame.

13. The way closed up behind them. They were never seen again in Hamelin. Neither was the Pied Piper.



LESSON XXV

The Envious Squirrel

q

qu

1. Mr. Squirrel has a queer little home. It is a hole in a pear tree. He lives very quietly with his wife and family.

2. The tree is in Farmer Huxton's orchard. The squirrels spend most of their time in a wood near by. They have quite a number of friends there. They know the Quails and the Hare family. They are acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. Land-Turtle. They never visit Mr. Owl, though they know where he lives. They

have ~~often~~ scampered up and down his tree. They have peeped in to his house.

3. "I wish Mr. Owl would move," said Mrs. Squirrel, one day. "The hole that he lives in would make a good home for us. He is a queer fellow. He lives all a lone. He never receives any callers. He never goes to the Queen Bee's banquets. No one ever inquires about him. He sleeps all day. He cannot bear the glare of the sunlight. He must be very bashful. You could not coax him out if you tried. Why should such a fellow have a nicer home than we?"



4. "Don't be envious, my dear," said Mr. Squirrel.
"Our home is quite as good as his."

5. "We should be safer in the forest," said Mrs. Squirrel. "When they gather the fruit, I quake with fear. Every quiver of our branch makes me tremble. We ought to find safer quarters. A squeal from one of our children might ruin us. Farmer Huxton might hear it and come to look for us. Then he would put us into a cage for his boys. We should never get out again."

6. The next day, Farmer Huxton's son Röbert was in the wood. He climbed the oak tree where Mr. Owl lived. He found the hole and pulled Mr. Owl out of it. He took him home and put him in to a cage.

7. The hole in the oak was empty now. But Mrs. Squirrel decided not to move in to it.

8. "I'll never be envious again," she said.

Would you take your brother's toy?

Then you are a self ish boy.

How would you, your self, enjoy

Having some one take *your* toy?

LESSON XXVI

The Wise Flies

1. A hungry spider made a web
Of thread so very fine,
Your tiny fingers scarce could feel
The little slender line.
Round a bout and round a bout,
And round a bout it spun,
Straight a cross, and back again,
Until the web was done.
2. Oh, what a pretty shining web
It was when it was done!
The little flies all came to see
It hanging in the sun.
Round a bout and round a bout,
And round a bout they danced,
A cross the web, and back again,
They darted and they glanced.
3. The hungry spider sat and watched
The happy little flies;

It saw all round a bout its hēd,

It had so many ēyēs.

Round a bout and round a bout,

And round a bout they go,

A crōss the wēb, and bāck again,

Now lōw, now hīgh, now lōw.

4. "I'm hūngry, věry hūngry,"

Said the spīder to a fly.

"If you were caught with in the wēb

You věry soon shōld dīē."

But round a bout and round a bout,

And round a bout once more,

A crōss the wēb, and bāck again,

They flitted as be fōrē.

5. For all the flies were much too wīse

To věnture nēar the spīder;

They flapped thēir little wings, and flew

In cīrcles ever wīd er.

Round a bout and round a bout,

And round a bout wēnt they,

A crōss the wēb, and bāck again,

And then they flew a way.

— Aunt Effie's Rhymes.

LESSON XXVII

An Evening at Home

Z



1. It was late one October evening, after a wet day. The sea breeze had brought rain and drizzle. Supper was over and the family were enjoying themselves together.

2. Little Flăxën-Hâir, as grandpă callēd her, was vērŷ busy. She was making zīg zāg fēncēs on the dīn ing tā blē. For rails she ūsēd mātchēs.

3. Măx sat at the other sīdē of the tā blē. He was wŕiting an exērcīse for schōol. He had a quill pēn. He hād mādē it out of one of Hēn Pēn's tail fēathērs. He likes quill pēns bēcāusē they are sōft and wŕitē smōoth ly.

4. Mammă sat nēār by, sewing. She was making a quilt for Flăxën-Hâir's crīb.

5. Jāmēs was mēnding the āxlē of his ex prēss cārt.

6. Jōnas was working out a pūzzlē in his stōrŷ pāpēr. He was working hārd. He expēcted to wīn a prīzē by sōlv ing it.

7. A fīnē wōd firē blāzēd on the hēārth. Dexter sat nēār it with his new birth day bōk. He was look ing at pictures of zēbrās and grīzzly bēars and grēāt lizārd s.

8. Grandpă Quilp sat dōzing in his ēāsŷ chāir. Some tīmēs he would wākē up and gāzē a whilē in to the firē. Still his ēyēs would rēmāin hālf clōsēd. The flāmēs seemēd to dāzzlē them.

9. Vīxën, the blāck eat, sat bē fōrē the firē. Fūzz,

her gray kitten, lay a sleep be side her. Zip, the poodle, lay at the other end of the rug. His muzzle was put a way for the winter.

10. Lizzy was squeezing grapes to make a pleasant drink.

11. "Vixen is catching cold," said Lizzy to her mother. "She has sneezed three times."

12. "Yes," said her mother, "it is a chilly evening. But Vixen's fur coat should keep her warm."

13. "I think it will freeze before morning," said James. "This drizzle will turn to sleet. By sunrise, every thing will be frozen over."

14. "Oh, no!" said Dexter. "It is too early in the season for that. Wait until after Thanks giving for your slippery side walks."

15. "At any rate, we won't worry about it," said Lizzy. "The mercury is n't down to zero."

16. "Don't eat that lozenge, Dexter," she went on. "Your grape juice won't taste sweet after it."

17. As she spoke, she handed grandpa a glass of grape juice.

18. "What sort of mixture is this?" asked grandpa, in his whispery voice. "I see it's a liquid. What do

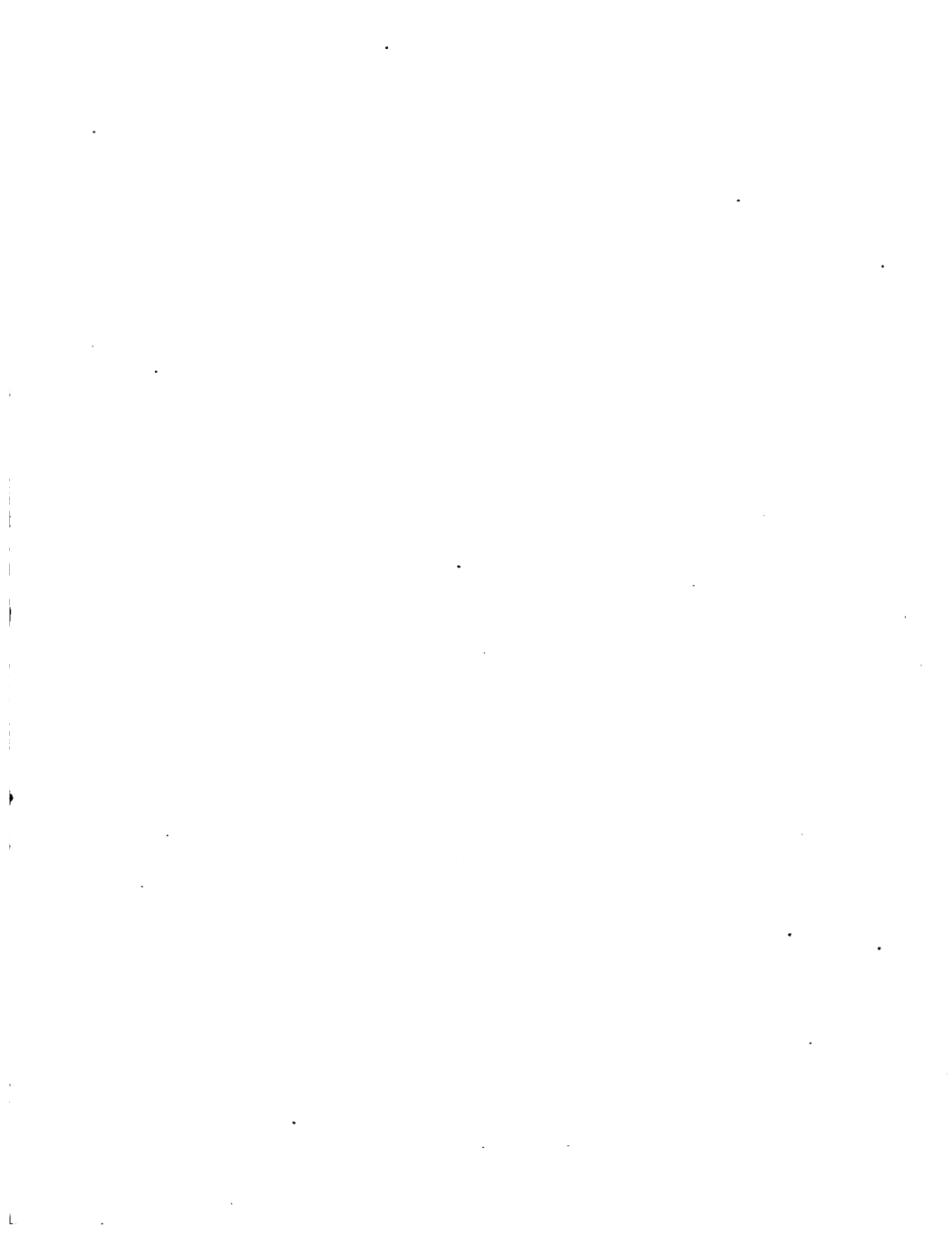
you charge for it? I don't believe I've a sixpence a bout me."

19. Grandpa chuckled over his own joke and felt in his pockets. He made believe he was looking for a sixpence.

20. "Oh, that's only an excuse, grandpa," laughed Lizzie. "You'll have to pay for your grape juice. But you can pay with a story. It must be a long one, too."

21. Then Lizzie brought hazel nuts, raisins, and eacke. The children gathered a round grandpa with their plates. When all was quiet, he told them the following story:— (See Part II.)

END OF PART I





PICTURE FOR A STORY.

SECOND READER

PART II

LESSON I

Ämä the Sun Fâirÿ

(A Jăpanēŝe Stōrÿ)

ocean	stranger
-------	----------

Jăpān is the nāmē of a cōuntrÿ. It is many thousand mīlēŝ from here. Some of its pēōplē come here to līvē. They are cālēd Jăpanēŝe.

The Jăpanēŝe make many pretty things. They make pretty stōrīēŝ too. Mōst of the pretty things they sēll. Our pēōplē bŷ many of them. The pretty stōrīēŝ they tell to thēir chīldren. This is one of them. I trust you will like it.

1. Once the sun fâirÿ, Ämä, hīd in a cāvē.

2. She was a frāīd of her brother Suŝä. Suŝä līvēd in the ocean. He mādē a grēāt nōiŝe with his billōws.

His winds howled and his waves roared fiercely in storms.



3. Some times the waves tried to leap to the sun.
 Ämä was a fräid her light would be put out.

4. When she hīd in the eāve she put the light out herself. The sun could not shīne with out her. The moon

could not shīnē with out the sun. The stārş were too fār ōff to give much light.

5. Suşă was sōrrŷ when he saw the dārķ ness. His fishēs pīnēd for the day light.

6. He callēd to Ämä, but she would not come out. He had mādē her a frāīd of him.

7. At lāst he brought an arm of the sēā in land. He blew a sōft brēzē over it. The water rippled light ly un der his brēāth.

8. It brōkē in to hāppŷ little wāvēlets. They lāppēd the rōcks at the mouth of the cāvē. They laughēd joy fully.

9. When Ämä heard them, she pēēpēd out.

10. Suşă hēld a mīrrōr bēfōrē her fācē. She had never seen her fācē in a glāss bēfōrē. She thōught she saw an other lōvēly fāīrŷ.

11. Suşă spōkē to her in sōft tōnēs. He kēpt out of her sight, bē hīnd the rōck. She thōught it was the bēāūtīful stranger spēāk ing.

12. "I am from the mōōn," said the vōicē. "I have come to bēg you to come out. We want you to shīnē again in the sun. We can not do with out you any lōngēr."

13. While the voice was speaking Ämā listened. She came out further and further.

14. At last Susā flung his arms a bout her. He whisked her off to her home in the sun.

15. "Stay there, like a good sister," he said. "I will be a good brother to you. I will not frighten you any more. Do stay at home, now, and shine for us all."

16. So Ämā has stayed at home ever since. She shines for us all day. At night she shines for the little Chinese children. It is then their day. While we have day, they have night.



LESSON II

Grandmä's Ängel

1. Mammä said, "Little one, go and see
If Grandmä's ready to come to tēa."
I knew I must not disturb her, so
I stepped quite light ly a long, tip toe,
And stood a moment to take a peep;
And there was Grandmä, fast a sleep!

2. I ~~k~~new it was t~~i~~me for her to w~~a~~k~~e~~.
I ~~th~~ought I'd give her a little sh~~a~~k~~e~~,
Or t~~a~~p at her d~~o~~or, or s~~o~~ft ly e~~a~~ll,
But I ~~h~~adn't the h~~e~~art for that at all ;
She look~~e~~d so s~~w~~ee~~t~~ and q~~u~~i~~e~~t there,
L~~y~~ing b~~a~~ck in her h~~i~~gh arm ~~ch~~air,
With her d~~e~~ar ~~w~~hite h~~a~~ir and a little sm~~i~~le
That me~~a~~n~~s~~ she is l~~o~~v ing you all the ~~w~~hile.
3. I ~~d~~idn't make a sp~~eck of no~~i~~s~~e ;
I ~~k~~new she was ~~d~~re~~a~~m ing of little boys
And girls who liv~~e~~d with her l~~o~~ng a go,
And then w~~e~~nt to h~~e~~av~~e~~n — she ~~t~~old me so.~~~~
4. I ~~c~~rept up cl~~o~~s~~e~~ and ~~d~~idn't sp~~eak
One w~~o~~rd, but I g~~a~~v~~e~~ her, on her ~~ch~~eck,
The s~~o~~ft est b~~i~~t of a little kiss,
~~J~~ust in a ~~w~~hisper, and then said this :
“ ~~G~~randm~~a~~, d~~e~~ar, it's t~~i~~me for t~~e~~a.”~~
5. She ~~o~~p~~e~~n~~e~~d her ~~e~~y~~e~~s and look~~e~~d at me,
And said, “ ~~W~~h~~y~~, p~~e~~t, I've j~~u~~st now ~~d~~re~~a~~m~~e~~d
Of a little ~~a~~ng~~e~~l who c~~a~~m~~e~~ and s~~e~~m~~e~~d
To k~~i~~ss me l~~o~~v ing ly on my ~~ch~~eck.”

I never told her 't was ōnly me ;
 I tōk her hand, and we wēnt to tēa.

— Sīdney Dāre.

LESSON III

Lǒng, Lǒng A go

y	ĩ
---	---



1. It is a wārm
August day. The
cattle are grāzing
 in the pāsture.
 The be~~e~~s būzz by
 on thēir gāvzŷ
 wings. A light
 hāzē is over
every thing.

2. Daniěł sits
 on the stēps
 rēad ing his new

bōok. It is a hīstōry of the Ūnīted Stātes.

3. Daniël is a big boy and likes such books. He wishes to learn all a bout his countrȳ.

4. He is reading now a bout the Spaniārds. Their home is beyond the sea. It is in a countrȳ called Spain.

5. Hundreds of years ago, our countrȳ belonged to the Indians. Many Spaniārds came here in their ships. They fought the Indians and seized their land.

6. The Spaniārds had horses and guns. The Indians had never seen either. Neither had they ever seen white men.

7. When they saw a white man on a horse, they stared at him. They thought man and horse were one animal.

8. The guns frightened them. They were amazed and anxious. Yet they fought bravely, with their bows and arrows. But the Spaniārds quickly conquered them.

9. After the Spaniārds, other white people came. They took more land from the Indians. Now there are millions and millions of white people in this countrȳ. They own nearly all the land. Only a small part of it is left to the Indians.

10. Our p~~ar~~t of the c~~oun~~tr~~y~~ is c~~all~~ed the Ūnited States. Some t~~im~~es we c~~all~~ it "our gl~~or~~i~~o~~us Ūnion." Do you know the s~~ong~~, "The Ūnion, the Ūnion for ever"?



LESSON IV

H~~ang~~ up the B~~ab~~y's St~~ock~~ ing

sure

1. H~~ang~~ up the b~~ab~~y's st~~ock~~ ing.

Be sure you don't for get.

The d~~ear~~ little d~~im~~pl~~ed~~ d~~ar~~ling

Has never seen Ch~~rist~~mas y~~et~~.

2. But I told him all a b~~ou~~t it,

And he ~~o~~p~~en~~ed his b~~ig~~, bl~~ue~~ e~~y~~es;

3. I am sure he under st~~oo~~d it,

He look~~ed~~ so funn~~y~~ and w~~is~~e.

3. Äh, what a t~~in~~y st~~ock~~ ing!

It doesn't take much to hold

Such little t~~oe~~s as b~~ab~~y's,

S~~af~~e from the fr~~ö~~st and c~~old~~.

4. But then, for the bābŷ's ~~C~~hristmas,
It never will do at all;
For Santa Clāus wouldn't be look ing
For any thing hālf so small.
5. I know what will do for bābŷ;
I've thōught of a first rate plan:
I'll bōrrōw a stōck ing from grandmā,
The lōngest that ever I can.
6. And you shall hāng it up, mother,
Right here in the corner — so;
And writē a letter for bābŷ,
And fāstēn it on the tōp.
7. "Old Santa Clāus, this is a stōck ing
Hūng up for our bābŷ dēar.
You never have seen the dārling;
He has not been with us a yēar.
8. "But he is a bēāūtī ful bābŷ!
And now, be fōrē you go,
Plēāsē cram this stōck ing with play things
From the tōp of it down to the tōp."

—The Little ~~C~~ôrporal.

LESSON V

What?

Washington

(NOTE.— Before this lesson is read, the teacher should tell the story of Washington and his hatchet.)

1. If all the trēēs were chērry trēēs,
And every little boy
Should have, like yōung Gēorgē Washington,
A hāchēt for his toy,
And ūse it in a way un wīse,
What shōuld we do for chērry pīēs?

2. "We shōuldn't have many," laughēd Rīchīē, as he finīshēd rēādīng this rhymē. "I belīevē there are more boys in the wōrld than chērry trēēs. If each boy were to kīll one chērry trēē — what then? Whȳ, there wōuldn't be any lēft."

3. "Chērrīēs cān't grōw on apple trēēs. They must have chērry trēēs to grōw on. So we shōuld have no chērrīēs."

4. "Chērry pīēs cān't be mādē out of watermēlōns."

They must have cherrys in them. So we shouldn't have any cherry pies."

5. "George Washington, you were a good boy. I wish all boys were like you. But it wasn't good to kill the cherry trees. I am glad all boys don't kill cherry trees."

6. "I wonder if we are going to have cherry pie for supper. I'll go and ask Susan. If we are, I must learn this rhyme by heart. I'll recite it at supper time. I'll say it is a riddle. Then I'll make every body try to guess it."

LESSON VI

Little Birds

1. What does little birds say,
In her nest at peep of day?
"Let me fly," says little birds,
"Mother, let me fly a way."
2. " Birds, rest a little longer,
Till the little wings are stronger."
So she rests a little longer;
Then she flies a way.

3. What does little bābŷ say,
 In her bed at pēp of day?
Bābŷ says, like little birdŷ,
 "Let me rīŷ and flŷ a way."
4. "Bābŷ, slēp a little lōnger,
 Till the little limbŷ are strōnger.
 If she slēps a little lōnger,
 Bābŷ, too, shall flŷ a way."
 — Ālfred Tēnnŷon.

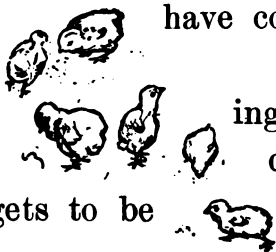
LESSON VII

The Hūngrŷ Fowlŷ

a

1. Such a crāzŷ squall ing of gēŷŷ and quāck ing of
dūcks! The fowlŷ have come up from the
 swamp lōt.

2. Wārrenisfēd- ing them. See how
 that little yēllōw dūck wādlēŷ!
 Even the swān forgets to be grāŷ ful. They
 are all so hūngrŷ.



3. They have wandered frē~~ē~~ all day. Now they will sett~~le~~ to slē~~ep~~ in the pō~~u~~l~~tr~~y yā~~rd~~.

4. No one had to find them and driv~~e~~ them home. They k~~new~~ the tī~~m~~e thō~~ugh~~ they cār~~ri~~ed no wā~~tch~~es. E~~ven~~ the yō~~un~~-gest k~~new~~ it was fē~~ed~~ing tī~~m~~e. They were all sure of it.



5. They k~~new~~ the way home, too. They cā~~m~~e up pā~~st~~ the grā~~v~~e yā~~rd~~ and the wā~~ln~~ūt grō~~v~~e. They cā~~m~~e th~~rough~~ the squā~~sh~~ lō~~t~~ down yō~~nd~~er. They stō~~pp~~ed by the ō~~n~~iōn pā~~t~~ch. They pā~~ss~~ed the pī~~g~~, wā~~ll~~ō~~w~~ing in his mū~~dd~~y pē~~n~~.

6. They did not quā~~rr~~el at all on the way home. But now see them squā~~b~~ blē over the corn and meā~~l~~! It's my ō~~p~~inī~~on~~ they are vēr~~y~~ grē~~ed~~y fō~~w~~ls.

7. Pō~~l~~itē fō~~w~~ls would never be so nō~~i~~s~~y~~ over thē~~ir~~ fō~~od~~.

LESSON VIII

The Bābēs in the Wōōd

1. My dēār, you must know,
That a good whilē a go,
There were twō little childrēn,
Whosē nāmēs I don't know,
Who were taken a way,
On a bright autūmn day,
And lōst in a wōōd,
As I'vē heard pēōplē say.
2. Now when it was night,
Věry sād was thēir plight;
The stārs did not shīnē,
And the mōōn hīd her light.
Then they sōbbēd and they sighēd,
And sād ly they criēd,
And the pōōr little things
At lāst lāy down and diēd.
3. Twō rōbīns so red,
When they saw them liē dēād,
Brought bēech and ōak lēāvēs,

And over them sprēad.
 And all the day lōng,
 The brānches a mōng,
 They sāng to them sōftly;
 And this was thēir sōng:—

4. "Pōor bābēs in the wōod!
 Pōor bābēs in the wōod!
 Oh! who'll come to find
 The pōor bābēs in the wōod?"



LESSON IX

Who?



1. Who cāme to Lūcy Grey's house lāst nīght?
2. Why, Santa Claus, of cōurse! Any one cōld
guess that.
3. How did he come from his home in the frōzen
nōth?
4. In his slēigh, with its frēight of tōys.

5. Who brought him over the house-tops?
6. His reindeer, of course. Only they could do that.



7. What did he bring Lūcý Grey?

8. A game of cricket; a bouquet of hott-house flowers; some skeins of bright colored silk, and a dear little black spaniel.

9. Is not that too much for one little girl?

10. Yes, but Lūcý will not keep all these things. She will give some of them to her little neighbor, Allice Peyton.

11. What has Santa Claus brought mamma?

12. A scalloped break fast cap; a quire of note paper;

a leather wallet; a pretty grey veil; a new waffle iron,
and a beautiful bronze clock.

13. Whom does Santa Claus love?
14. Children that obey their parents.



LESSON X

The Two Little Kittens

1. Two little kittens, one stormy night,
Be gan to quarrel, and then to fight;
One had a mouse, the other had none,
And that's the way the quarrel be gun.
2. "I'll have that mouse," said the bigger cat.
"You'll have that mouse? we'll see a bout that!"
"I will have that mouse," said the elder son.
"You shà'n't have the mouse," said the little one.
3. I told you be fore 'twas a stormy night
When these two little kittens be gan to fight;
The old woman seized her sweeping broom,
And swept the two kittens right out of the room.

4. The ground was covered with fröst and snöw,
And the two little kittens had no where to go ;
So they laid them down on the mat at the döör,
While the old woman finished sweeping the flöör.
5. Then they crept in again, quiet as mice,
All wet with snöw, and as eold as ice,
For they found it was better, that störmy night,
To lie down and sleep than to quarrel and fight.

—••••—

LESSON XI

My Nephew, Philip

ph	gh
----	----

1. This is my dear little nephew. He is an orphan ;
that is, he has no parents. He
has come to live with us. His
name is Philip.



2. There is a picture of Philip's
mother on the table. She has
been dead two years. Her little sön löved her

dēarly. He never disōbeyēd her. He is tryīng to eōpŷ the picture.

3. He is too yōūng to draw vērŷ well. He can not cīphēr at all. He has never been at schōōl.

4. He is ill now with whoōping eōugh. He must kēōp out of draughts. He must not play rōughly.

5. The phāeton is at the dōōr. The pōnŷ wants to be off. Just hear him neīgh! He jērks the rēīns and pāwŷ the ground.

6. Philip can not go to rīdē to-day. He is not well enōugh. The pōnŷ will have to go bāck to his stall.

7. The nūrse is bringīng Philip some nice whey to drink.

cī	cē	sī	sē	tī
----	----	----	----	----

(Pronounced sh)

8. Philip says the whey is dēlīcīōus. He thānks the nūrse grācīōusly. He is a vērŷ good boy. The phŷīcīān says he will sōōn be well.

9. He calls Daniēl his “best rēlātīōn.” He likes the stōrīēs Daniēl tells him. He likes the pictures Daniēl shōwŷ him.

10. Some of them are pictures of Indians. Daniël tells him how the Indians once owned our country. He likes to hear a bout those ancient days. He likes to hear how the Indians used wampum for money. He likes to see pictures of the wigwams they lived in. He likes to hear of the Spaniards who came across the ocean.

11. There are other pictures in Daniël's big book. Some are pictures of ferocious animals. Philip has permission to look at them all. It is a precious book.

12. It is vacation now. Daniël can be with his sick cousin a good deal. The boys have much affection for each other.

13. Some times Philip coughs very hard. He has to turn from his pictures then. That is vexatious, but Philip keeps his temper. He is a patient little fellow.

Here I stand both day and night,
 To tell the hours with all my might.
 So then, ex am ple take by me,
 And serve the right as I serve the.

LESSON XII

Selling the Bābŷ

1. Rōbbi's sold the bābŷ!
 Sold her out and out!
 And I'll have to tell you
 How it cāme a bout.
2. When on New Yēar's mōrn ing
 Rōbbi's ōpen ing ēyēs
 Spīed the brand new bābŷ,
 What a glād surprīse!
3. All the tīme he wā/ched her,
 Seārcely ēārēd to play,
 Lest the prēcious bābŷ
 Shō/ld be snā/ched a way.
4. Now he's gōnē and sold her!
 For to-day he ran
 And announcēd to māmā,
 “ Yes, I've found a man!

5. "Here's the man'll buy her;
Get her wēadŷ, krick!"
With an âir of business
Brandish ing a stick.
6. "Sold *my* bābŷ, Rōbbiŷ?"
Māmmā sād ly said;
Rōbbiŷ, quītŷ dēcīd ed,
Bōbbēd his little hēad.
7. "Well, if this man buyŷ her,
What will he give you?"
"Oh, tŵo nice bīg horses,
And fīvŷ pēnniŷ, too!
8. "What's the good of bābiŷ?
Ōn ly squēal and sewēam;
I can go horse-bāck'n
When I get my tēam."
9. But when quīēt night eāmŷ,
Rōbbiŷ'ŷ prāyŷŷ were said,
And he lookēd at Bābŷ
In her little bed.

10. And he said, when Bābŷ
Smiled in some sweet dream,
“She’s wūrf fōrtŷ horses,
‘Stēad of just a tēam!”

11. Bābŷ’s wē pīnk fīngers
Round his ōwn he eūrlēd;
“She’s wūrf all the horses
In dis whōlē bīg wōrld!”



LESSON XIII

Mother Ġoōsē

1. “Who was Mother Ġoōsē, Äynt Rāchēl?”

2. “She was a dēar, old lādŷ who līvēd lōng ago.
She līvēd in Bōstōn. Her famīly kēpt a little stōrē.
Amōng other things they had candŷ for sālē. Of
cōūrsē many chīldrēn eāmē to the stōrē.”

3. “Mother Ġoōsē ūsēd to sīt out on the sīdē wālk.
Fīnē wēāthēr al ways found her there, with the chīldrēn.
She lōvēd them, and they lōvēd her.

4. “She could make rĥŷmēs as fast as she could tālk.

The childrēn lovēd to hear them. She had to tell them over and over again.

5. "How many tīmēs Jack and Jill fēll down that hill! How many tīmēs the dish ran off with the spoon! How many tīmēs little Jack Hōrner ate that sāmē plūm!



6. "The childrēn ūsed to lēarn the rhēmēs by heart. They heard them so many tīmēs. They would go home and say them to the bābiēs. Then the bābiēs would laugh.

So would the bīg brothers and sisters. So would the fāthers and mothers.

7. "Every bōdy cāmē to know a bout Mother Ĝōose and her rhēmēs. At lāst the stōrē kēeper had them printēd. They have been printēd over and over

again. Now-a-days, they are in more childrēn's books than ever.

8. "I haven't told you what street Mother Goose lived in. I am sure you will think it had a nice name. It was called Pudding Lane."



LESSON XIV

Naughty Patty

1. Little Patty Pöpgun
Never'd stay in bed.
Mother'd hear her footsteps
Pit-pat over head.
2. Last night, naughty Patty
Caught her little toes.
Down she fell, and oh! oh!
Bumped her little nose.
3. Up they came, and found her
Crying on the floor;
And to-day her head aches,
And her nose is sore.

4. Were I Pattŷ Pöpgun,
 I shöüld stay in bed.
 I shöüld do at all tîmēs
 What my mother said.

— Băbŷ-land.

LESSON XV

The Grate ful Mouse

minute	nostrils
--------	----------

1. Once a lion lăy a slēep at the mouth of his dēn. A little wöod-möuse was smēlling a bout a mōng the lēaves. She thōught the lion's paw was a root.



2. She ran up one of his töes. There she played a bout on the grät foöt for a minute or two. Then she smēlt his nose. She wanted to see if that was a root, too.

3. She was a bout to go into one of his nostrils. She thought she would build her a nest in there. But she felt the lion's breath going in and out. It was like a great wind to her. She wondered where the draught came from. She had never felt such a warm breeze before.

4. "I will find out a bout this," said the mouse. "I will do a little nibbling just here." But her nibbling tickled the lion's nose, and he awoke.

5. When he opened his great eyes, the mouse stood still. She could not move for fright. Then he opened his great mouth. She ran right in to it! She was too frightened to know what she was doing.

6. The lion closed his mouth. The mouse was perched upon the middle of his tongue. His great teeth never came near her. But she was pretty well squeezed.

7. The tongue pressed lightly against the roof of the mouth. After a minute or two, it moved. The lion was tasting her, to see what she was.

8. "Why, it's a mouse!" he said to himself. "What a silly little mouse it must be!"

9. He was a bout to swallow her, but he did not.

He changed his mind. He pitied the poor, foolish little thing.

10. "A wood-mouse is no meal for me," he said. "It would take a hundred mice to make me a dinner. She loves her little life as well as I do mine. I will let her go."

11. He opened his great mouth. The mouse jumped out and ran off. She did not even stop to say "Thank you." She was too frightened.

12. But she was a grateful little mouse, for all that. She did not forget how the lion had be haved to her.

13. This lion was not so good to sheep. In deed, he was a very wicked fellow to them.

14. He said he liked the sheep. He said he loved the lambs. But he loved to eat them. This gave him a bad name a mong the farmers.

15. One day, some men spread a strong net for him. They thought they would catch him this way. Then they could shoot him and sell his skin.

16. Sure enough, the lion was caught in the net. He could not get free. He roared and struggled in vain.

17. The men heard him roaring. They ran with their guns in to the wood.

18. But the mouse heard him roāring, too. Small as she was, she ran to sāve him. She nībbled through every eōrd that hēld him.

19. Her work was dōne just in tīme. He ran ōff as the mēn cāme in sight. He did not stōp to say “Thānk you,” ēither.

20. But he was glād he had spāred that mouse.



LESSON XVI

The Fly

1. Bābŷ Byē,

Here's a fly ;

Let us wātch him, you and I.

How he crawls

Up the walls !

Yēt he never falls.

I be līvē, with sīx such lēgs,

You and I could wālκ on eggs.

There he goēs

On his tōēs,

Tickling bābŷ's nosē.

2. Spōts of red,

Dōt his hēād,

Rāīnbōws on his bāck are sprēād.

That small spēck

Is his nēck ;

See him nōd and bēck.

I can shōw you, if you choōse,

Where to look to fīnd his shōps --

Thrē small pāirs,

Mādē of hāirs ;

Thēsē he al ways wēars.

3. Bläck and brownIs his gown ;

He can wēar it up sīdē down.

It is lācēd

Rōund his wāīst ;

I ādmīrē his tāstē.

Yēt, thōugh tīght his clōthes are mādē,

He will losē them, I'm a frāīd,

If to-nīghtHe gets sīghtOf the can dlē līght.

4. In the sun

Wēbš are spun;

What if he gets in to one?

When it rāīnš,

He eōmplāīnš

On the windōw pānēš.

Tōngvēš to tāk have you and I;

Ġōd has given the little flȳ

No such things;

So he sings

With his būzzīng wings.

5. He can eat

Bread and meat:

There's a mouth be tveōn his fēēt.

On his bāck

Is a sāk,

Like a peddlēr's pāk.

Does the bābȳ understand?

Then the flȳ shall kiss her hand.

Put a crūmþ

On her thūmþ;

May be he will come.

6. Cătch him? No!

Let him go;

Never hūrt an in sēt so.

But, no dōubt,

He flīēs out

Just to gād a bōut.

Now you see his wings of silk

Drābbled in the bābŷ's milk.

Flē! oh, flē!

Fōolish flŷ!

How will he get drŷ?

7. All wet flīēs

Twist thêir thīghs;

Then they wipē thêir hēads and ēyēs.

Cats, you know,

Wash just so;

Then thêir whiskers grōw.

Flīēs have hâir too shōrt to cōmb!

So they flŷ bārchēad ed home;

But the gnat

Wēars a hat;

Do you laugh at that?

a. Flies can see
More than we.

So, how bright their ~~eyes~~ must be!

Little fly,

Op~~e~~ your ~~eye~~;

Spiders are n~~e~~ar by!

For a s~~e~~cret I can tell;

Spiders never treat flies well.

Then a way!

Do not stay;

Little fly, good-day!



LESSON XVII

Fred's Birth day

February	American
----------	----------

1. Fred Butler was born on the twenty-second of February. He was very proud of his birth day. Can you guess why?

2. Of eourse you can! Ever y American child knows a bout George Washington. Fred's birth day fell on Washington's birth day.

3. Fred's school had a fine large American flag. This was al ways hūng out on the twēntŷ-sēcōnd of February. Fred ūsēd to say it was dōnē to kēep his bīrth day.



4. The boys would laugh at this. They knew that Fred was ōnly jōk ing. Then some one would ask: “How a bout the piēcēs we spēak? Are they for you too?”

5. Fred would shākē his hēad and laugh and run a way.

6. A picture of Washington hūng in the schōol rōom. Ever ŷ twēntŷ-sēcōnd of February this was crownēd. The childrēn brōught laurel brānchēs to schōol.

A wrēath was mādē for a crown. This was hūng over the hēad of Washington. One child hūng the wrēath whilē the others sāng. The sōng was a bout “Crown ing Washington.”

7. Fred was never ābsēnt on the twēntŷ-sēcōnd of February. He said he wanted to be like Wash-
ington.

8. This was not ēāsŷ. He knew that Washington

was a vĕry bravĕ boy. N~~o~~th ing could tĕmpt him to tell a liĕ.

9. Some tĕmĕs Fred did little things he was a shāmed of. Then he would have likēd to say "I didn't!" But he al ways thōught of Washington and told the truth.

10. Fred's notĕs to Sānta Clāus were much a like. He al ways askēd for some thing to play soldiĕrs with. Some tĕmĕs it was a s~~w~~ōrd or a gun. Some tĕmĕs it was a drūm or a soldiĕr cāp. Once he askēd for a hōbbŷ horse. This was be~~cau~~se he knew Washington likēd to play soldiĕrs.

11. When his mother callēd him from his play, he al ways ran right in. "That is what Washington would have dōnĕ," he thōught. "And that is what I shall do."



LESSON XVIII

The New Hă~~t~~chĕt

1. Gĕōrgĕ Washington was much like other boys.

2. He had a birth day ever ŷ yĕār. His frĕnds gāvē him birth day prĕsĕnts. One yĕār his fāthĕr gāvē him a new hă~~t~~chĕt.



3. He went out to look for something to chop. He might have found his mother's wood pile. He did not think of that.

4. He wandered out in to the orchard. There were some young cherry trees there. It was winter. The young leaves

had not yet come out. The trees looked brown and dead.

5. George knew they were only sleeping. But he did not stop to think of that. He tried his hatchet on the first one he came to.

6. He chopped and chopped. His hatchet was sharp. He thought, "What fine work this is!" But it was death to the trees.

7. The next day, Mr. Washington wēnt in to his orchard. He wanted to see if there were any signs of spring. He looked to see how the young trees were getting on. There was one of the finest, chopped to death.

8. Mr. Washington was very angry. He walked in to the house and asked, "Who killed that cherry tree?"

9. "Why," thought George, "that must be the tree I chopped. I did not mean to kill it. What is to be done? I can not bring it to life again. Father will be very angry with me. He will punish me, of course. But I must tell the truth."

10. So he stood up bravely. "I did it, father," he said, "with my little hatchet."

11. His father thought the hatchet might have been used in some better way. But he was proud of his brave, truth-telling boy.

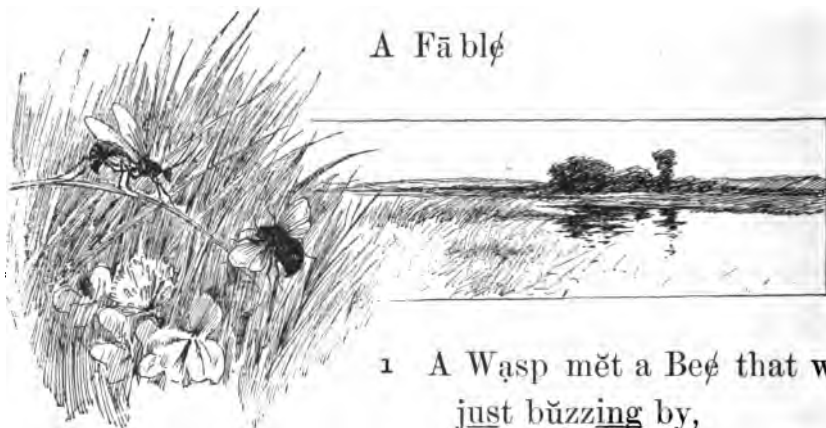
12. "Come to my arms, my son!" he cried. "I would rather lose a thousand cherry trees, than have you tell one lie."

13. Only no ble boys grow to be no ble mēn. Would the boys who read this story be such men? Then let them, like Washington, fearless stand for the truth.

LESSON XIX

The Wasp and the Bee

A Fable



1 A Wasp mēt a Bee that was
just būzzing by,

And he said, “Little eſſſſn, can you tell me whŷ
You are lōvĕd so much bĕttĕr by pĕōplĕ than I?

2. “My bāck shīnĕs as bright and as yĕllōw as gold,
And my shāpĕ is mōst ĕlēgānt, too, to be hold;
Yet no bōdŷ likes me for that, I am told.”

3. “Äh, frĕnd,” said the Bee, “it is all vĕrŷ truĕ,
And were I but hālf as much mischĕf to do,
Then pĕōplĕ would lōvĕ me no bĕttĕr than you.

4. " You have a fīnē shāpē, and a dēlicatē wing ;
 You are pērfēet ly hāndsome, but then there's one
 thing
 They can never put up with, and that is your stīng.
5. " My cōāt is quītē home ly and plāīn, as you see,
 Yēt no bōdŷ ever is āngrŷ with me,
 Be caūse I'm a ūseful and in no cēt Beŷ."



LESSON XX

Un lūckŷ Patseŷ

measured	diamond
----------	---------

1. Patseŷ didn't mean to be naughtŷ. She was ōn ly
 vēřŷ little. She got into mischief througħ know ing no
 bēttē.
2. One day she had a bīg sēā shell in her hand.
 The shell had a pretty, pīnk līn ing. The ēdgē of the
 shell eūrvēd out wārd.
3. Mammā kēpt the shell for its bēautŷ. Its plācē
 was on the mantēl pīcēŷ. Patseŷ had taken it down to
 hēar it sīng.

4. She held it to her ear and enjoyed the music. Then she tapped on the window pane with it. This made a very different sound from the singing. Patsy liked to hear it.



5. The dog came into the garden and barked at the shell. This was great fun for Patsy as well as for him. She knocked on the window pane harder and harder. The dog barked louder and louder. He jumped at the window, but could not reach it.

6. At last Patsy knocked so hard that she broke the glass. Then she was sorry.

7. "I didn't know it would break," she said. The tears rolled down her cheeks.

8. When papa came home, he said he would mend the window. He took the sash out and laid it on the floor. He took out the pieces of the broken pane and all the old dry putty. He measured the place to which a new pane must be fitted.

9. Then he brought a large piece of glass. He had a tool to cut it with. The tool had a diamond in it.

Diamonds are hărd er than glăss. They will scrăŧch it dēep ly.

10. Papă mărked ōff a pŧēce of glăss the rŧht sŧzē and shăpē. He did this with the diamond, making a dēep scrăŧch.

11. Then he cārēful ly brōkē out the new pănē of glăss. It brōkē a lōng the scrăŧchēs. He trŧed it in the săsh. It fŧtted exăet ly.

12. Next he fastēned it in with sŧft pŧttŧ and shărp bŧts of mētāl.

13. Just as he finishēd, Patseŧ cāmē trŧtting in to the rŧŧm. She had lēft him to get him a eŧŧkēŧ. She had a nŧce frēsh one in her hand.

14. "Here, papă," she crŧed. "You work pretty hărd. I have brŧught you some thing to eat. Don't you think I'm nŧce?"

15. She trŧtted tŧwărd papă, hŧld ing out the eŧŧkēŧ. There lăŧ the săsh. Papă did not think she would stēp on it, so he said nŧth ing. But Patseŧ knew no bētter.

16. On she cāmē till — Crăsh! — her little fŧŧt wēnt thrŧugh a pănē of glăss. It was the vērŧ pănē papă had jŧst put in!



LESSON XXI

The Snow bird's Song

occasion



1. The ground was all cōv erēd with snow, one day,
And two little sisters were busy at play;
A snow bird was sitting close by on a tree,
And mērrily singing his chick-a-dē-dē.
2. He had not been singing that tūnē vērŷ lōng,
When Ēmīly heard him, so loud was his song.
“Oh, sister, look out of the windōw!” said she,
“Here’s a dēar little bird, singing chick-a-dē-dē.

3. "Pōōr fēllōw! he wālks in the snow and the slēēt,
And has nēīthēr stōck ings nor shoēs on his fēēt.
I wōnder what makes him so full of his glēē,
And whȳ he kēēps sing ing his chick-a-dē-dēē.
4. "If I were a bāre fōōt ed snow bird, I know,
I would not stay out in the eōld and the snow.
I pitȳ him so! oh, how eōld he must be!
And yēt he kēēps sing ing his chick-a-dē-dēē.
5. "Oh, mother, do get him some stōck ings and shoēs,
And a nice little frōck, and a hat let him choōsē.
I wish he'd come in to the pārlōr, and see
How wārm we would make him, pōōr chick-a-
dē-dēē!"
6. The bird had flōwn down for some sweet crūmbs
of bread,
And heard every wōrd little Ēmīly said.
"How funnȳ I'd look in that eōstūmē!" thōught he,
And he laughēd as he wārbled his chick-a-dē-dēē.
7. "I am grate ful," said he, "for the wish you
ex prēss,
But I have no occasion for such a fīnē dress.

I'd rāth er rēmāīn with my little limbs frēē,
Than to hōb blē a bout sing ing chick-a-dē-dēē.

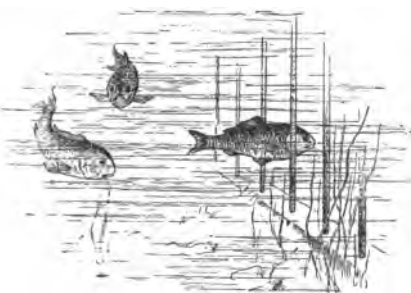
8. "There is One, my dēār chīld, thōugh I can not
tell who,
Has clōthed me ālrēādŷ, and wārm ēnōugh, too.
Good mōrn ing! Oh, who are so hāppŷ as we?"
And a way he flēw, sing ing his chick-a-dē-dēē.



LESSON XXII

The Thrēē Ġold fīsh

1. Thrēē gōld fīsh līvēd vērŷ hāppīly in a pond.
The pond belōngēd to a good mān who lōvēd the
little fīsh. Its water flōwēd
througħ an īrōn gātē in to
the bīg lākē.



2. The mān ōftēn sāt
up on the shōrē of the pond
and tākēd to the fīsh. He
āl ways said the sāmē thing.

It was, "Don't go througħ the īrōn gātē, little fīsh.
And don't swim nēār the tōp of the water."

3. But the little fish did not understand the man's talk. So he took another way to teach them. He waited on the bank beyond the big gate. When the fish came near, he made a great splash with a big stick in the lake water outside.

4. Of course, the fish were frightened and swam away. But when he was not there, they often came near the gate and looked through. They wondered what was in the big lake and wanted to go out and see.

5. At other times the man would watch from the shore of the pond. When the fish swam near the surface, he would splash with the stick. This frightened them so that they swam below and stayed there a long time. This pleased the man.

6. But when the man was not there, they would often come to the top. They wanted to see what was going on in the air above them. Some times they would even jump out of the water.

7. One of the three fish did not go so near the top as the others. She did not go so near the gate either. "I am sure our master does not want us to," she said, "And he must have some wise reason for his wish."

8. "Oh, that's all nonsense!" cried the others. "We know as well as he where fish should swim."

9. So one of them swam one day through the gate in to the lake. There a big fish swallowed him. He never came back to his friends in the pond.

10. The other fish that said, "Oh nonsense!" came to a bad end, too. He swam to the top one day, just as a fish hawk was flying over the pond. The hawk picked him up in her strong talons and carried him off to her nest. He became food for the little hawks and never saw his native pond again.

11. The third fish stayed below. Neither hawk nor big fish ever caught her. But she was very lonely without the other two. So they brought sorrow to her as well as death to them selves.



The Golden Rule

To do to others as I would
 That they should do to me,
 Will make me honest, kind, and good,
 As children ought to be.

LESSON XXIII

The Frōḡ and the Mousē

1. A frōḡ and a woḡd mousē be cāmē fāst frīends. The mousē had al ways līvēd on land. The frōḡ could līvē on land or in the water.

2. The frōḡ often went to vīsit the mousē. Her home was in a hōlē under the roots of an ōak trēe. She al ways greēted the frōḡ very polītely.

3. When he cāmē, she would say, "How do you do, Mr. Frōḡ?"

I am very glad to see you." Then she would set the table and in vīte him to help him self. When he went a way, she would say, "Good by, deār Mr. Frōḡ! I am sorry you must go so soon. Come again be fore long."

4. One day, the frōḡ in vīted her to his home. He said he would show her all the beautīful things that are under the water.



5. "But I am not a vĕřý good swimmer," said the mouse. "I was māde to live on land."

6. "Oh, that doesn't matter," said the frōg. "I'll tie your foot to mine with this strōng grāss. Then I can drāg you through the water quīte eāsi ly." So

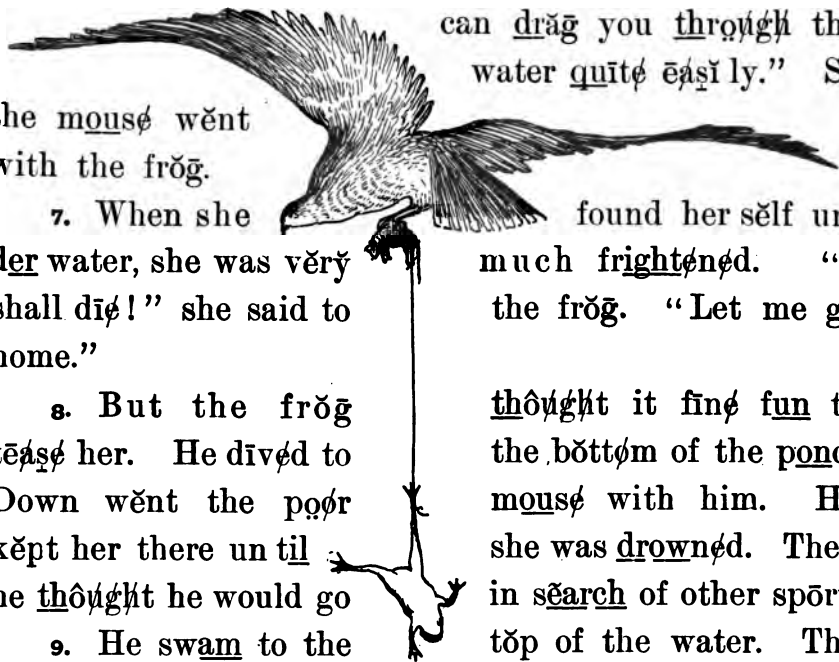
the mouse wēnt with the frōg.

7. When she found her sēlf un-
der water, she was vĕřý much frightenēd. "I shall dīe!" she said to the frōg. "Let me go home."

8. But the frōg thōught it finē fun to tease her. He dīved to the bōttōm of the pond. Down wēnt the poor mouse with him. He kēpt her there un tīl she was drownēd. Then he thōught he would go in sēarch of other spōrt.

9. He swam to the top of the water. The mouse, being lighter than the water, floated on the sūrfacē nēar him.

10. Down cāme a fish hawk out of the skȳ a bōvē. The frōg dīved to ēscāpe her. But she caught the mouse in her tālons.



11. Off she flew to her nest, think ing, “ Here is a nice meal for my little ones.”

12. And it was better than she thought. Fast to the dead mouse was the live frog. He, too, had to go to feed the little hawks.

— Aesop.

LESSON XXIV

The Stār

1. Twinkle, twinkle, little stār;
How I wonder what you are!
Up a bove the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.
2. When the blazing sun is gone,
When he nothing shines up on,
Then you show your little light,
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.
3. Then the traveler in the dark
Thanks you for your tiny spark;
He could not see which way to go
If you did not twinkle so.

4. In the dārk blūe skȳ you kēep,
 Yēt ~~often~~ througħ my windōw pēep;
 For you never shūt your ~~eye~~
 Till the sun is in the skȳ.

5. As your bright but tīnȳ spārk
Lights the trāvel er in the dārk,
~~Thōugh~~ I know not what you are,
Twinkle, twinkle, little stār!

— Jānē Tāylōr.



LESSON XXV

Who Be eāme King?

(Told in Īreland, and al so by some tribes of Indians.)

1. One day, the birds all eāme to gēth er to choōse
 a king.



2. The ēagle was a strōng bird.
 He lovēd sweet sounds.

3. "Let the fin est sing er be king,"
 he said.

4. But the eanāry was frightenēd at this. She knew

that she would be asked to sing. She did not mind singing at home in her cage. Here, among so many, she was too bashful.

5. She was about to hide a way, when the sparrow spoke up. He was a very conceited bird. He said, "Let the best fighter be king." He thought that would be him self.



6. But Cock Rob in said, "No, in deed! We don't want a quarrel some king. We want a king that will keep the peace. Let the wisest bird be king."



7. Now, the owl is the wisest of birds. Every one who knows anything at all, knows that.

8. But the owl was too wise to want to be king. He thought he would rather stay at home. He wanted time to be quiet and think.

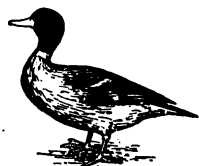
9. "Let the one who can fly the highest be king."

10. It was the hen who said this. She can fly scarcely at all, her self. So, of course, she admires the birds of the sky.



11. The owl said, "That was a very sensible remark. We want a king that can rise above us all."

12. So it was a grēēd and the rācē be gān.



13. Fīrst, all the birds fłōckēd up on the grōund. Then the dūck said, "Quăck, quăck, quăck!" That mēant, "One, twō, thrē!"

14. As the dūck said thrē, up they all flew. Each flew as hīgh as he could.

15. The dūck's "fly" was ōnly a jūmp. The turkēy could not do much bēttēr. The hēn reachēd the tōp of the fēncē and stayēd there. She said she ōnly trīēd for fun.



16. Sōon the canārȳ cāmē down again. She was ūsēd to a eāgē. She had not lēarnēd to fly vērȳ well.

17. The spārrōw knew all a bout hōusētōps. He did not know much a bout the skȳ. When he found himsēlf up so hīgh, he grēw dīzzȳ. He was glăd to come down again.



18. The owl stayēd in his ōak trēē. He knew the others would never miss him. He did not wish to be king.
Be sīdē, the sun hūrt his ēyēs.

19. The rōb in and the blū bird kēpt on. Sōon they grēw tīrēd too. They rētūrnēd to wāīt bē lōw.

20. The lārķ and the ēaglē soārēd hīgher and hīgher. At lāst the lārķ wēnt out of sīght. But she could stīll be heard sīng īng sūētly.



21. The ēaglē was a much lārger bird. He could be seen, thōugh he was hīgher than the lārķ.

22. By and by the lārķ's sōng grēw lōud er. She was cōmīng down. Prēsēntly she cāmē īn sīght agāīn. Sōon she had rēachēd the trēēs bē lōw.



23. The other birds were wāīt īng nēār. Ōnly the ēaglē could be sēēn a bōvē.

24. "To-whīt, to-whōō!" cālēd the ōwl frōm hīs trēē. "Whēre īs Jēnnīē Wrēn?" He wās the ōnly bird thāt cōuld cōunt. Thāt wās hōw he cāmē to mīss Jēnnīē. Nō ōnē kņēw whēre shē wās.

25. Jūst thēn, the ēaglē wās hēard to cāl out. Hē flāppēd hīs wīngs and gāvē a lōud crī. The other birds all līstēnēd.



26. "I am kīng of the birds!" sād hē. "I flēw the hīghēst!"

27. But a trick had been played. It was done before the race began.

28. Jennie Wren had jumped up on the eagle's back. She is a very little bird. The eagle's feathers are quite stiff. He never felt her weight. He did not know she was there. None of the other birds noticed her.



29. She had never been up in the sky before. Do you think she enjoyed her ride?

30. When the eagle stopped going up, what do you think she did? She hopped two feet above him in the sky. So now she cried out, "No, you are not king! I flew the highest! Do you not see me here above you?"

31. "You naughty little cheat!" cried the eagle. "I'll punish you well for that!" Then he slapped her with his great wing. But he brought her safely down again.

32. Ever since that, the wren's tail has stuck straight up. Her flying doesn't amount to much, either. She can go no higher than a lilac bush.

33. Who, do you think, became king of the birds?

LESSON XXVI

Rāy's Pūzzlē

experiment

1. "Oh mammä!" criēd Rāy, runnīng in from schōol one day. "I saw the funnīest thing in Mōrgan's clāss rōōm to-day!"

2. "How did you happēn to be in Mōrgan's clāss rōōm to-day?" askēd mammä.

3. "Whȳ, our clāss was dismissēd at tȳō ō'clōck," said Rāy. "I didn't want to come home. I thōught I'd rāth er see what the bīg boys did for lessōns. So I askēd Mōrgan's teacher to let me sit with him.

4. "She said I might, but that I must not talk. So Mōrgan mōvēd up and let me sit on half of his seat. He gāvē me pāper to draw pictures on. But I wanted to listēn.

5. "When I couldn't un derstand what the boys



were rēcīting, I lookēd about the rōōm. There were some pretty things on the walls and shēlvēs. There were some ōdd things, too. But the ōdd est of all was an ēgg in a bōttlē."

6. "An ēgg in a bōttlē?" askēd mammā.

7. "Yes, mammā, and the nēck of the bōttlē was no lārger than that." Rāy mādē a ring with his fīngers to shōw the sīzē. "How do you think the ēgg gōt in there with out brēaking the shēll, mammā? It was a whōlē ēgg — not a friēd one."

8. Mammā smīlēd. "Must an ēgg be friēd to be brōkēn?" she askēd.

9. "No, mammā," an swērēd Rāy. "But how do you think they gōt that ēgg in to that bōttlē?"

10. "I am sure I do not know," said mammā. "Here comes Mōrgan. Perhāps he could have tōld you. But you ran ōff and lēft him."

11. "It's ēāsī ēnōgh," said Mōrgan, when Rāy askēd him. "I can do it mī sēlf. All I nēēd is a frēsh ēgg and hālf a eup ful of vinēgār."

12. "What does the vinēgār do to the ēgg?" askēd Rāy.

13. "It eats a way the shēll and lēāvēs ōnly skīn," rēplīēd Mōrgan. "Then you can squēēzē it in to a

böttl~~e~~ like the one you saw. But you have to do it eāre fully, not to būrst the skin."

14. Rāy wanted to trȳ the experiment. His mother gāv~~e~~ him hālf a eup ful of vinēgār and a frēsh egg. He put the egg in to the vinēgār and lēft it there.

15. The next day the lōwer pārt of the shēll was eatēn a way. But the tōp had rēmāinēd drȳ, and was still hārd and brittlē.

16. Rāy rōllēd the egg over, and put a wēight on it. That was to kēep it down. He wanted all of the shēll to be in the vinēgār.

17. Two days lāter, Rāy had a finē pūzzlē to shōw the boys. It was an egg in a nārrōw-neckēd bōttlē. No one could ex plāin it but the boys in Mōrgan's clāss.



LESSON XXVII

Thōught ful Clārençē

1. A pōor old lādȳ stōōd on a strēet cōrner in New Yōrk Cīty. She wanted to crōss, but was a frāīd to.

2. Many eārrīagēs and wāgōn~~s~~ were pāssing bōth ways. Some of the horses were trōtting quīte fāst.

3. But wōrse than the horses were the ēlētric eārs. They frightened the old lādý with thêir noisē a lōnē. The mēn on the eārs rāng thêir bēlls. They rāng them loud ly all the tīmē. This was to let the pēōplē know that they were coming. The pēōplē, hēar ing the bēlls, would look and kēēp out of the way. Thūs they ēscāpēd being run over.

4. The ēlētric eārs wēnt vērý fāst and there al ways seemēd to be one pāssing. Once in a whilē there was rōōm betwēēn them to get a crōss. Then a eārrīāgē or āūtōmōbilē would be sure to come betwēēn.

5. The old lādý was quītē timīd. Ēvēn if the āūtōmōbilēs were not vērý clōsē, she was a frāīd of them. She could not mōvē vērý quīck ly.

6. "Brōād way is no plācē for slōw pēōplē," she said to her sēlf. Just then, she saw a new dāngēr āpprōāch-ing. It was a crōwd of schōōl boys on thêir way home.

7. "Oh dēār!" ex clāīmēd the old lādý, "what shall I do now? The horses kēēp to the rōād way, but rōūgh boys knōck āgāīnst one wher ever she is. Here they come. They will jōsflē me ōff the sīdēwālk. I shall fall un dēr the horses' hōōfs and the āūtōmōbilēs."

8. But one boy cāmē tōwārd her a hēād of the others.

He looked at her with a bright, friendly smile. "Are you waiting to get a cross?" he asked.

9. "Yes, dear," she replied. "But there are so many horses, and I cannot walk very fast."

10. "Look out, fellows!" cried Clarence, for that was the boy's name. The other boys were coming up with a thoughtless rush. One of them was running backward. None of them seemed to be looking ahead very carefully.

11. Clarence was afraid they would do the old lady some harm. "This is some fellow's mother," he said. "Be careful of her."

12. Not one of the boys would have wanted to see rudeness shown to his own mother. So they all checked their speed and some of their caps came off.



13. Then Clarence and a still larger boy took the old lady across the street. One walked on each side of her. They watched their chance to pass between the electric cars. They warned back the drivers of horses with their hands.

14. The other boys followed close behind. It would have been hard for harm to come to an old lady so well guarded. And no harm came to this one. She got over safely at last.



LESSON XXVIII

How to Get Breakfast

1. Said the first little chick,
 With a queer little squirm,
 "I wish I could find
 A fat little worm!"
2. Said the next little chick,
 With an odd little shrug,
 "I wish I could find
 A fat little bug!"

3. Said the third little chick,
With a shrill little squeal,
“ I wish I could find
Some nice yellow meal ! ”
4. Said the fourth little chick,
With a small sigh of grief,
“ I wish I could find
A little green leaf ! ”
5. “ See here ! ” called the hen,
From the green garden patch,
“ If you want any breakfast,
Just come here and scratch ! ”



LESSON XXIX

Whittington and His Cat

Part I.

1. Dick Whittington was a poor boy. His parents were both dead. He had not a friend in the world. But he was strong and willing to work.

2. He had heard of a gr~~e~~at c~~i~~t~~y~~ call~~e~~d L~~o~~nd~~o~~n. He th~~o~~ught he could surely find work there. So he t~~i~~ed all his things in a b~~u~~nd~~e~~ and start~~e~~d off.

3. He tr~~u~~dg~~e~~d on, day af~~t~~er day. At last he gr~~e~~w v~~e~~r~~y~~ t~~i~~red, for L~~o~~nd~~o~~n was a l~~o~~ng way off. Be f~~o~~r~~e~~ he g~~o~~t there, he had sp~~e~~nt his last p~~e~~nn~~y~~.

4. He sat r~~e~~sting on a p~~i~~l~~e~~ of st~~o~~n~~e~~s. A m~~a~~n with a w~~a~~g~~o~~n dr~~o~~v~~e~~ by. "Will you r~~i~~d~~e~~ with me?" said the m~~a~~n. "You look t~~i~~red. J~~u~~mp in."

5. So Dick Whittingt~~o~~n r~~o~~d~~e~~ the r~~e~~st of the way.

6. When he r~~e~~ach~~e~~d the c~~i~~t~~y~~, he could do n~~o~~th~~i~~ng but look a b~~o~~ut him. He w~~a~~lk~~e~~d up and down the str~~e~~ets. He look~~e~~d in to the sh~~o~~p w~~i~~nd~~o~~w~~s~~ with d~~e~~l~~i~~ght. Being a c~~o~~un~~t~~r~~y~~ boy, he had never s~~e~~en such s~~i~~ghts be f~~o~~r~~e~~. He did not know what to do in such a n~~o~~is~~y~~ pl~~a~~c~~e~~.

7. Af~~t~~er a w~~h~~il~~e~~ it gr~~e~~w d~~a~~r~~k~~. He sat down on the st~~e~~p~~s~~ of a l~~a~~rg~~e~~ h~~o~~us~~e~~. He s~~o~~on f~~e~~ll fast a sl~~e~~ep. The o~~w~~n~~e~~r of the h~~o~~us~~e~~ found him there. "W~~a~~k~~e~~ up, my boy," said he. "What are you doing here, a sl~~e~~ep on my st~~o~~op?"

8. Dick t~~o~~ld him how p~~o~~or he was. The m~~a~~n g~~a~~v~~e~~ him some work to do in his h~~o~~us~~e~~. He had to r~~u~~n

ěrrands, to bring e^oal and w^ood, to clēan the silver, and to hēlp the e^ook.

9. But his tr^oubl^{es} were not over. The e^ook was a cr^oss w^oman. She se^olded him, no m^{at}ter how well he did. Some tⁱm^{es}, she ēv^en whipp^ed him.

10. He had to slēep in the g^arr^et. The r^ats and mⁱce r^an a b^out there all nⁱght. A kind w^oman, h^earⁱng this, g^av^e him a e^at. Whittingt^on and his e^at s^oon be c^am^e f^ast frⁱends.

11. As tⁱm^e w^ent on, the e^ook gr^ew more and more cr^uel to him. At l^ast, he t^ook his e^at and b^undl^e and w^ent away. He th^ought he w^ould l^eav^e L^ond^on.



LESSON XXX

Whittingt^on and His Cat

Part II

1. Just out sⁱd^e the cⁱt^y, Dⁱck s^at d^own to r^est. Whⁱl^e he w^ait^ed, the ch^urch b^ells b^eg^an to rⁱng. They s^eem^ed to say, "T^urn again, Whittingt^on, L^ord M^ay^or of L^ond^on."

2. Now, the Lôrđ Māyôr is not ex ætly a king. But he is a vëry grëät man. Dick thôught to be Lôrđ



Māyôr of Lônđon wôuld be a fîne thing. So he wënt bäck to his māsťer's hōuse.

3. As he wālķēd, he still listēnēd to the bēlls. They still rāŋg out, "Tŭrn agāin, Whittingtōn, Lôrđ Māyôr of Lônđon!"

4. "I am only a poor boy," thought Whittington. "How can I ever become Lord Mayor of London?"

5. Dick's master was a merchant. He sent many things to Africa in great ships. There they were sold and the money was brought home to him.

6. A fine ship was just ready to sail. All the servants were sending things on it for sale. When it came to Dick, he had nothing but his eat. So he sent that. When she was gone, he had a good cry. He felt that he had lost his best friend.

7. Dick was very lonely without his eat. But at last some good news came. There were many rats and mice in Africa. They swarmed even in the royal palace. The king could not eat his dinner in peace for them. So he bought the eat for a great deal of money.

8. The money was brought safely to Dick. He was no longer a poor boy. His master took care of his money for him. He bought ships with it to go to Africa. He bought things to put on the ships for sale.

9. Dick gave up his work now, and went to school. He studied hard and became a very wise man. When he grew up, he married his master's daughter.

10. His ships kept taking goods to Africa. They

always brought back more money than the goods cost. In time, Dick became a very rich man.

11. And ever y time the church bells rang they seemed to sing the old song. It was always, "Turn again, Whittington, Lord Mayor of London!"

12. At last, what the bells said came true. Dick Whittington became Lord Mayor of London.



LESSON XXXI

The Spider and the Fly

prettiest

1. "Will you walk in to my parlour?" said the Spider to the Fly;

"Tis the prettiest little parlour that ever you did spy.

The way in to my parlour is up a winding stair,
And I have many curious things to show you when you're there."

"Oh, no, no!" said the little Fly; "to ask me is in vain;

For who goes up your wīnd ing stāir can ne'êr come
down again."

2. "I'm sure you must be weāry, dēār, with soār ing up
so hīgh ;

Will you rest up on my so fā?" said the Spīder to
the Flȳ.

"There are pretty eūrtāins drawn a round ; the sheēts
are finē and thin,

And if you like to rest a whilē, I'll snūg ly tūck you
in."

"Oh, no, no!" said the little Flȳ ; "for I've oftēn
heard it said,

They never, never, wākē again who slēēp up on your
bed."

3. Said the eunȳing Spīder to the Flȳ : "Dēār frīend,
what can I do

To shōw the wārm āffēctiōn I have āl ways fēlt for
you?

I have with in my pantrȳ good stōrē of all that's nice;
I'm sure you'rē vērȳ wēl come. Will you plēāsē to
take a slice?"

"Oh, no, no!" said the little Fly; "kind sir, that
can not be,
I've heard what's in your pantry, and I do not wish
to see."

4. "Sweet creature," said the Spider, "you're witty and
you're wise;

How handsome are your gauzy wings! how brilliant
are your eyes!

I have a little look ing-glass up on my parlor shelf,
If you'll step in one moment, dear, you shall be hold
your self."

"I thank you, gentle sir," she said, "for what you're
pleased to say,

And bidding you good-môrning, now, I'll call an-
other day." — Jane Taylor.

LESSON XXXII

The Town Musicians

Part I

1. A poor old donkey could carry no more packs.
He wondered what he should do for a living. He

thought he would go to Bremen and ēarn his bread as a mūsician. He had still a věřý fīně voice.

2. On his way he mět a dog, who was also old and wōrn out. The dog lookěd věřý sōrrōwūful. He said his māster was going to kill him because he was of no more ūsě.



3. "Come with me and be a mūsician," said the dōnkěř. "That is bětter than being killěd."

4. The dog thought so too, so he wěnt with the dōnkěř.

5. They sōon mět a eat who lookěd sād and fōrlōrn. They āskěđ her what was the matter.

6. "This eollār is in my way," said the eat. "The běllř frightěn a way the rats and mice. I can cāch nōthīng to eat, and I am nēarly stārvěđ."

7. "Let us hēar you sing," said the dōnkěř.

8. The eat yowlěd him a tūně and he was satisfīěđ.



9. "Come with us," he said, "and you shall make your fortūnē. We are going to Brēmen to ēarn our līving as mūsīcīāns."

10. The eat liked the īdēā and joined the band.

11. On they wēnt till they saw a rōōster pērchēd up on a fēncē. He was crōwing a bout everȳ fivē sēcōnds.



12. "Whȳ do you make so much noīsē?" said the dōnkēȳ.

13. "I have not lōng to līvē," rēplīed the rōōster. "I want to make all the noīsē I have tīmē for. The cōok is going to put me in to a Chrīstmas pīē."

14. "Come with us," said the thrēē mūsīcīāns. "There are bētter things than being bākēd in a pīē. We are going to make our fortūnēs in Brēmen as tōwn mūsīcīāns. You can sīng as well as any of us. We will make a plācē in the band for you."

15. So the rōōster jūmpēd down from the fēncē and wēnt a lōng, too.

LESSON XXXIII

The Town Mūsīcīāns

Part II

1. As night eāme on, they found shēlter in a wōd. See ing a light, they wēnt tōwārd it. They wanted some thing to eat.

2. The light strēamēd from a rōbber's eāve. Look ing in, they saw a tāble sprēad with good things.

3. "There is a good supper for us," said the dōnkēy. "But how shall we managē to get it?" Then they talkēd the matter over, and a grēd up on a plan.

4. The dōnkēy put his fōrēfēet on the windōw sill. The dog stōd on the dōnkēy's bäck and the eat on the dog's. The roōster pērchēd up on the eat's hēad. Then they all sāng as loud as they could.

5. The dōnkēy brayēd and the dog bärkēd. The eat yowlēd and shōk her bēlls. The roōster crōwēd with all his might. The rōbbers had never heard such a din be fōrē. They were frightenēd ālmōst out of thēir wits. They thōught all the pōlicēmēn in town were coming āfter them with guns and drūms. They ran

pěll měll from the eāvø. They never stōppēd un tīl they eāmø to the other sīdø of the wōōds.

6. The town mūsīcīāns now wēnt in to the eāvø and hēlpēd them sēlvēs to a good supper. Then they prēpārēd to spēnd the nīght there. The dōnkøý lāy at full lēngth in the yārd. The dog eūrlēd him sēlf up be hīnd the dōør. The eat found a eōzý eōrner by the fīrø. The roōster pērched on a beam nēār the roōf.

7. A bout mīdnīght, one rōbber eāmø stēāling bāck. He did not be līvēø it was pōlīcēmēn, āfter all, that had mādø the nōīšø. The fīrø was out and all was quīēt. He crēpt in to the eāvø and lookēd a bout him.

8. He saw the shīn ing øyēs of the eat. He hēld a mātch tōwārd them, to see if he could līght it. But Puss flēw at him and scrātched his fācø.

9. He tūrnēd to run from the eāvø. The dog sprāng from be hīnd the dōør and bīt his lēg. Out sīdø he stūmblēd over the dōnkøý, who kīckēd him for his pāīns. Then the roōster crīēd, "Cōck-a-dōōdlø-do!"

10. The rōbber ran as fāst as he could to his mates. "Therē is a hōrrīd old wītch in the eāvø," said he. "She flēw at me and trīēd to scrātch my øyēs out. Then a pōlīcēmān stābbēd me from be hīnd the dōør.

An other, in the yārd, struck me with his club. And on the roof sat a jūdgē who cried, 'Crack his nōddle, too!'"

11. The rōbbers never wēnt nēar the cāvē again. They rēmaīned on the other sīde of the wōd. The mūsīcīans mādē the cāvē thēir home. They workēd in town dūring the winter, ēarning mōnēy with thēir mūsic.

12. In the spring they bōught a stōrē of fōd and wēnt to the cāvē. There they stayēd all sūmmer lōng.



LESSON XXXIV

The Slēeping Bēauty

Pärt I

women

1. Once up on a tīme, there was a bēautīful bāby prīncēss. To kēep her birth day, her fāther, the king, gāvē a grēat fēast. He in vīt ed nēarly everýbōdy, but there were not plāçēs at the tāblē for all. So, a fēw had to be lēft out.

2. There were thīr tēn wīse women in the kingdōm. They could all give fāirý gifts. Twēlvē of them were

in vited to the fēast. The thir tēenth cāmē with out being in vited. She cāmē late, how ever, and did not stay lōng.



3. The twēlvē wīſē women all blēssēd the bābŷ. They gāvē her good ness, bēautŷ, and other finē gīfts. Bēfōrē the twēlfth had finīshēd, in strōdē the one who had not been in vīt ed.

4. She said, “When the prīnçēss is fīftēen yēārſ of āgē, she shall wōund her fīngēr with a spīn dlē and fall down dēād.”

5. Having said this, the āngry wīſē wōman strōdē out again.

6. The twēlfth wīſē wōman trīēd to think what she could do to sāvē the lifē of the prīnçēss.

7. At lāst she said, “Dēath is ōnly a kind of slēēp. The prīnçēss shall slēēp a hūndred yēārſ. Then a prīnçē shall a wākēn her with a kīss.”

8. This was ālmōst as bād for the pōōr pārēnts.

They could not expect to live until the hundred years should end. But it was all that the twelfth wise woman could think of at the time. The rest had all spoken, and they could say no more.

9. The princess grew up a bonny lass, beloved by every body. As her fifteenth year drew near, the king ordered all spindles to be destroyed. Thinking there was not one left, he rode out one day with the queen. They left the princess at home alone.



10. "I am fifteen years old," said the princess, when they were gone. "Yet I have never seen all of this great castle. I'll explore it, to keep my self busy."

11. She wandered over the castle until she came to the oldest tower of all. This had a winding stair,

which she climbed to the top. There she found an old woman spinning flax.

12. "Let me see your work," she said to the old woman. But the moment she touched the spindle, she pricked her finger with it. Then she fell up on a bed near by, as if dead.

13. The twelfth wise woman had been thinking, thinking, all these fifteen years. She had at last contrived a way by which the princess need not be parted from her parents. She wanted them to be with her when she woke.

14. When the princess fell a slee

, there fore, every one else in the castle fell a slee

, too. The king and queen had come home and ascended their thrones. There they slept as soundly as if they had been in bed.

15. The cook dropped the frying pan and, leaning against the mantel, fell a slee

, too. No living thing about the palace could keep a wake. Even the dogs slept in their kennels and the horses in their stalls and the doves up on the roof.

16. And all a round the castle there grew up a hedge of thorns so thick that no one could make his way through it.

LESSON XXXV

The Sleeping Beauty

Part II

1. The yēars passēd on and brāvē yōūng prīnçes grēw up in the neīghbōrhōōd. All heard of the slēēping Prīnçess and many trīēd to fōrçē thēīr way througħ the hēdgē of thōrnș. But the thōrnș caugħt and hēld them fast and there they dīēd.

2. At lāst the hundred yēars cāmē to an end. Then cāmē a prīnçē brāvēr and hāndsōmēr than any other.

3. He rōdē boldly tōwārd the cāstlē. As he cāmē nēār, the thōrnŷ hēdgē tūrned to a hēdgē of flōwers. Thēsē pārtēd to let him througħ. Sōōn he stōōd bēsīdē the bed on which the prīnçess lāy, stīll slēēpīng. Āftēr lookīng at her a mōmēnt, he stōōpēd and kīssēd her.

4. Instāntly all slēēping things ābōut the pālāçē āwōkē. The cōōk pīckēd up the frīyīng pān and wēnt on prēpārīng the dīnnēr.

5. The dōvēs ēōōd and flūttērēd on the rōōfs. The dōgs bārkēd and rān ābōut, wāggīng thēīr tāīls. The

horses stampēd in thēir stalls, and the grooms wēnt on cūrry ing them.

6. The king and quēēn and the pēople a bout them ōpēnēd thēir ēyēs and wēnt on hold ing cōūrt.

7. The prīncēss sat up in bed. See ing a strāngē prīncē stand ing besīdē her, she askēd him how he cāmē there. When she heard how she had been sāvēd, she was vērŷ glād and grate ful.

8. By this tīmē the thōrnŷ hēdgē had tūrnēd to flow ers all a round the cāstlē. See ing this, the neigh-
bōr ing kīngs and quēēns cāmē to say how glād they were.

9. The slēep ers lookēd in sūrprīse up on the dressēs of thēir vīsitōrs, for the stylēs had chāngēd. The vīsitōrs thōūght the pēople who līvēd in the cāstlē vērŷ old-fāshīōnēd.

10. But this was soōn mādē right. It was not lōng be fōrē the whōlē cōūrt was dressēd in the vērŷ lāt est stylē.

11. Then a grēāt wedding fēast was ōrdērēd, and the Slēep ing Bēautŷ was mārrīēd to the brāvē Prīncē.

TABLE OF COMPARISONS

This table is prepared for the convenience of teachers using present and former editions in the same classes. Sentences omitted in this edition from former editions are given below in italics. Sentences in which words have been changed are given in their original form, with the changed words in parentheses.

Former Edition

PAGE	LINE	
8	1-3	(No, he was not) a barber or a carman. (He was not) a charcoal man or a harness maker. (He did not) keep a laundry or a market.
	7-8	They took the carpets out on the river, (on) a barge.
9	2-3	A little footpath led (them home) from the landing.
	6	<i>"The darlings will soon be here."</i>
	9	I must (see to the) rhubarb tarts, too.
	11-12	<i>"There's the (lad's scarlet scarf). (He's) waving (it at) me now."</i>
10	14	Do you know any little girl (that) has three names?
15	1-2	There once lived in France a little (lass) named Blanche.
16	9-10	<i>"You are my nurse in sickness, and my cook and (maid)."</i>
21	3-4	<i>"Who was Wee Winnie (Wimples)?"</i>
	5-6	<i>"She could not (speak), but she could (talk) to her puppy."</i>
	18	<i>"They are not at all foolish."</i>
23	23	<i>"The vine is very (graceful)."</i>
26	8-9	<i>"I hope he has not (soiled or) torn his new jacket."</i>
27	1-2	Just then Victor rushed in, shouting, "Hurra! hurra! the Sea-Gull's arrived (safe)."
	7-8	<i>"You should (leave your wild ways) out of doors."</i>
	15-16	<i>"I don't loiter on the way (till the milk curdles)."</i>
28	2-5	<i>Omitted.</i>
	9-10	<i>"You may have your choice."</i>
	14-15	<i>"Well, where shall I go and what shall I get?" asked Victor.</i>
	20	Victor whistled to (his dog), and they were off.
43	6	(She fell to eating) the berries.
44	8-10	He jumped down and (fell to eating).
47	2	<i>He has chickens, too.</i>
	5-6	<i>He keeps the chickens for the eggs they lay.</i>
48	11-12	They set an excellent example for (people who don't like work).
	16-17	Brother Fox helps himself to them whenever he (is hungry).
	18	(This) is a bad way to bring them up.
49	7-9	Brother Fox (falls into many a sad fix).
50	12	We (may) do so and send it to the museum.
62	13-14	He was (exerting himself to the utmost upon it).
66	5	When she hid in the cave she put (it) out herself.
70	7-9	The bees buzz (lazily) by on their gauzy wings.
71	12-13	When they saw a white man on a horse, they stared (hard).
77	16-17	They stopped by the (maize and the) onion patch.
80	23	A scalloped breakfast cape; a quire of note paper; a leather wallet; (a hank of grey yarn); a pretty (dotted) veil; a new waffle iron; (a zinc washboard) and a beautiful bronze clock.

- 81 10 "I'll have that mouse," said the (biggest) cat.
 81 12 "I *will* have that mouse," said the (eldest) son.
 82 15 *She died of typhoid fever.*
 83 15 He is a very (patient little sufferer).
 84 14-15 *The veins in his temples swell and turn blue.*
 17 He is a (good-natured) little fellow.
 101 18-20 "I (would) rather lose a thousand cherry trees, than have you tell one lie."
 103 12-13 The edge (curved outward to show the shining inner surface).
 105 14-16 "*Oo work pitty hard. Patsey bing oo somesin to eat. Don't oo fink she's nice?*"
 109 1 But the little fish did not understand (men's) talk.
 119 4-5 "(How came you) in Morgan's class-room?" asked mamma.
 122 1 But worse than the horses were the (cable) cars.
 8-9 The (cable) cars went very fast and there always seemed to be one passing.
 10-11 Then a carriage or (truck) would be sure to come between.
 12-13 Even if the (carriages) were not very close, she was afraid of them.
 21-22 I shall fall under the horses' hoofs and the (carriage wheels).
 124 3-4 They watched their chance to pass between the (cable) cars.
 136 13-14 He held a match toward them, to see if (it would light).
 138 8-12 Before the twelfth (could speak), in strode the one who had not been invited.
 140 3-4 "Let me see your (spindle)," she said to the old woman.
 13-15 The king and queen slept as soundly (on their thrones) as if they had been in bed.



